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Interview	6	Viewpoint	63	Medicine	74	Crime	94
Lecture	18	People	66	Advertising	76	Art	96
Preview	26	Business	68	Travel	78	Film	80
Comedian News	36	Sports	71	Food	86	Books	92
World News	30	John Robertson	72	Education	82	Alan Fotheringham	95



1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Interview

With **INDIRA GANDHI**

On June 25 Prime Minister Indira Gandhi shocked the Western world when she declared a state of emergency that apparently gave her the right to run India as she saw fit. In 1971, following her Congress Party's victory at the general elections, Mrs. Gandhi was charged on numerous counts of campaign embezzlement. The case took four years to wind its way through the courts. On June 12 Mrs. Gandhi was questioned for six hours in the dock of the All-India High Court, fined, guilty, and banned from holding public office for six years. Everyone expected her to resign. Instead, she appealed to the Indian Supreme Court. Her appeal was accepted on June 26, but Mrs. Gandhi was denied the right to write in parliament and the matter was referred by the court. She was told that pending the appeal she could continue her duties as Prime Minister. Her opposition, in parliament and outside, led by Morarji Deas, Jagjivan, and J. P. Narayan, a vocal leader of so particular political persuasion, called a nationwide demonstration of over 100,000 men and demanded that "the usurper" be removed from public office. Twenty-four hours later Mrs. Gandhi declared the state of emergency, arresting the major opposition leaders. On July 4 she imposed "extraordinary" powers. Freedom of the press was abolished and censorship was imposed on foreign journalists. In August, she denied political prisoners civil rights and proclaimed a full suspension of the courts of the power to suspend future elections of prime ministers, vice-presidents and speakers on the grounds of electoral irregularities. She also retroactively cancelled the charges of electoral crimes against her. All of these actions were sanctioned by parliament, in which her party has a majority. On August 22 and 23, Congress first-liner president P. V. Narasimha Reddy interviewed Indira Gandhi for *Madison* in her home and office in New Delhi.

Madison: Mrs. Gandhi, at the time I've become involved I've found many people passionately feel that bringing in the emergency measures is the high point of your political career and yet many other people feel that it's the low point. How do you reconcile those two views?

Mrs. Gandhi: You know I'm one of those people who go on as one's head and I don't look at things from a high point or a low point. I have only one objective and that is to make this country strong and to keep it united. In this long journey there has been to be ups and downs.

Do you feel that this is an up or a down? I think it's a new opportunity.

Are your feelings clouded about what you're having to do at this point in time? Perhaps it's the method that is disturbing you?

I think that the people who are disturbed are of two kinds. Those who thought they could topple the government and were doing that and those who think that the direction is a



"IT'S FUNNY THAT I SHOULD FRIGHTEN ANYONE. I'M SUCH A MEEK, MILD PERSON"

very undemocratic way. The second lot are the people who have been taking advantage of others. I mean black businessmen, tax evaders, hoarders. They are naturally normal but we are now coming down on them much harder than we were able to before. The bulk of the people have welcomed this, because any citizen would be fed up with the sort of constant agitation, demonstrations, strikes and general air of indifference that has gone on. This sort of atmosphere was getting on everybody's nerves.

People who appreciate your actions find your timing highly suspect? I did not choose the timing. This opposition did by starting their nationwide campaign to paralyze the government.

One of the major criticisms I have

heard in this country is that you should have done this 15 years ago.

There was no occasion to. This period of situation started growing about 18 months ago.

You are speaking here at the session with the opposition?

Yes, they were attacking the army and trying to get a legitimately elected legislature dissolved.

But perhaps the powers which you've now taken ought to have been done by you much earlier?

No, no, no, I have not taken over any powers whatsoever. We are functioning absolutely within the Constitution. All we have done is to take a number of people and to ban two main groups, communal groups, who believed in anarchy and violence. Now the demand for their banning is a very old one, but we couldn't have done it earlier because we were told at the time that our law wouldn't permit it without a very long drawn-out process, and during that process obviously they could do much more harm to the country. Today I personally have no doubt about this. I have had before. And I certainly still have less power than say the President of the USA, or the Prime Minister of any African or Asian country.

You do not now have an effective opposition. You have press censorship and somebody can be put in jail and cannot go to the courts to appeal. Certainly that is extra power?

Well, it is a little bit of extra power, but the fact that any government is to guarantee the country's unity and its integrity and I think that that was being threatened here at an extremely critical time. This country has made spectacular progress. No one who does not see the country's poverty, that we had seen pre-Independence, at all in the early years of Independence. Now we have solved our problems, but naturally poverty which has existed for centuries cannot be solved so.

Perhaps the changes you've made are within the Constitution, as you say, but certainly there's a moral question here. You were elected under the Constitution and your court case was handled under the Constitution. Now you can't take this case against you and you are changing the Constitution as it is understood, so that your court case is retroactively null and void. Is that true?



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Well, this matter is really before the Supreme Court now. But in India we can't discuss matters that are before the courts. But news newspapers even in the West did remark on the fact that the two items on which they held me guilty were rather irrelevant; there was nothing involving moral turpitude.

Certainly one must be accountable for a small crime as well as a large one? But there's no crime at all.

Did not the Allahabad Court consider it a crime? When I threw a guilty conviction? I can't remember on what the court said because the matter is so I and still in the courts so that is why I gave you the reason to be the great A. P. J. Abdul Kalam elected by the people and is accountable and answerable to parliament, ultimately and of course if somebody is guilty of a crime, I'm sure parliament wouldn't let him sit.

Well, since parliament really is controlled by your own party, aren't you afraid that even though the court did find you guilty your own party would not choose to throw you out?

This is a reflection on parliamentary rule and on the system because if someone is guilty of a crime I don't think that anybody would afford to keep on supporting that person. They themselves would have to shut themselves out for support.

Let's go back, then, to the question of the change in the Constitution, which allows the Prime Minister, yourself in this case, the President, the Speaker of the House, to not be amenable to the courts for wrongdoing when the service of their duty. What happens if you're followed by somebody who is a rival? Does it not open the way to a dictatorship? So far as the President is concerned he at least has had this immunity. Is his only now have extended to the vice president and the prime minister? The intention was not at all to protect anybody who was guilty but merely to safeguard them from harassment and the use of tricks for political ends. The view that our parliament would not tolerate a dictator's misuse of the position.

Well, some of your critics are saying that effectively you've done that by banning the opposition by inviting even some of the members of your own party. Not only very few Members of Parliament have been arrested. And we did have a two-thirds majority so the majority is not in danger of any being suspended, and when that was passed the opposition was there. None of the opposition parties have been banned, not a single one. The groups that have been banned are considered themselves illegitimate. Some call themselves illegal, which of course they are not in any view.

Do you know the leader of a party in your country? I don't have to ban the whole party if people are arrested and they can't have any right of habeas corpus. It has almost the same effect. Do you know what I meant? He said, "Did you want the women or children caught" at one point in American history. And he was the judge. Do you want India to continue as a worried entity or do you want it united? If you had had the sort of anxiety we thought would come about, there would be no question of democracy anyway. It certainly wasn't democracy when

"ALL WE DID WAS TO DETAIN SOME PEOPLE AND BAN GROUPS WHO PREACHED VIOLENCE"



members of the legislature were arrested and forced to resign, there's no discussion of democracy, and that was the planned program of some of these opposition parties.

You seem to have eliminated those threats. Not yet, no. As a matter of fact the leader of the Jan Sangh is out, he's not a judge, it's only the leader of the party in parliament who is still in a dilemma.

What is the danger then to the country right now today? Well, a large number of these extremist groups are still out. They started going underground before we declared the emergency. This was one of the things that preoccupied the emergency. We found that they were going underground and we didn't know what they were going to do.

How long do you expect the emergency to last? It's very difficult to tell a date.

Do you think that there are any injustices at all occurring at this time?

We are being especially careful. We have personally written every one of the statutes and spoken to the chief ministers. They must go into the last of those arrested, release those whom they think can now be released and a very large number have now been released. And are being released day by day. We have told everybody that they must try to notify the government if they feel that there's anything wrong.

People have told me that they are frightened of you at this time. How do you feel about that?

I think it's very funny that anybody should be frightened of me. I am such a weak and mild person. Quite frankly I don't think that very many people are afraid, except those who need to be afraid, the wrong ones. I don't like people to be afraid of me or of anybody or of anything. I think that's a bad thing.

If you don't like people to be frightened of you, why not reinstate habeas corpus? The first thing is that we keep the country's unity intact, that we give the poorer people a chance. I think that everything else comes after that. Now we gave the opposition, the press, the judiciary, the wrong spokesmen of criticism. I don't think you could give me a single example of any single individual anywhere in the world who for more than 20 years has stood the type of criticism that has been made against me (political, personal, absolutely baseless, even vulgar and obscene, and I've never even raised my voice). But not a question of an individual, but it was something that was affecting the nation as a whole, the very fabric of our nation's unity. While a person is a person, whether that individual is representing the country, autonomy and internationality.

You're saying you don't mind being criticized? I don't mind being criticized, no.

Can I conclude from that that press censorship naturally will be there? I don't censor the press because it was criticizing me. But it was lowering the morale and the self-confidence of the Indian people. Day in and day out it was telling them that India was no good. It was ignoring all of our achievements and my achievements, the achievements of the Indian scientists or the Indian engineers or the Indian farmers or various other people.

When you sit out at night, what happens to the people you're doing the groups that are dangerous by your definition. Will the suspension of democracy that has existed since independence continue? Yes. These extremists don't come into the political picture in parties.

Was it really necessary to carry out arrests in the middle of the night?

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The opposition announced on June 25 that they would have a nationwide campaign to paralyze the government. They had rallied industrial workers and the police met in full-scale riot. Although they said it was nonviolent, such demonstrations in the last year and a half have always ended in violence and I think that this action provoked violence and subverted democracy.

If you read the Western press, you really are angry, a little.

I am only a bit sorry for the West, not for me. I'm not affected by it. I mean, if I felt that they were saying something that was true then it would upset me perhaps. But since I know it's not true and nothing they can say can make it true, it doesn't bother me. It shows a great emptiness of spirit that people should want to make accusations all the time.

If I been written, really in the West, that I and Gandhi and your father Nehru were trying now, they would be in jail because of their treasonous views.

On the contrary, I think that Mr. Gandhi would have had some very sharp words to say about the J. P. Narayan movement, as his true disciples already have said. For the West to try to tell such me when Mr. Gandhi taught or my father taught, isn't that very odd? I was brought up with them, and whatever I am today is because of them. My father was embraced by all of the Western world, with very few exceptions, while he was alive, so I hardly think that it's for them to say I think that Nehru and Gandhi were concerned with the unity and the discipline of the country. I mean as much concerned as I am now. In fact Mr. J. P. Narayan had advocated something on that last demand for the movement, that the students should come out of schools and colleges and that workers should not work and Mr. Gandhi reacted very, very strongly against it.

A lot of people, knowing your close relations with the Soviet Union, are worried that India is moving in the direction of a police state, is it?

Firstly, that is not at all true, and we are friends of the Soviet Union, but we are equally friendly with many other countries.

Is the Soviet system the answer for India? Certainly not. I mean we don't believe in dictatorship. We don't believe in a security system.

Economically though, is socialism the answer for India?

Well, as I see the word socialism, it has nothing to do with socialism, especially when it's the only known word that comes nearest to what we are trying to do in India.

Well, describe for me then your vision for India, as you see it.
The basic thing is to lessen poverty and

economic backwardness. But poverty also is a changing conception. As I said, we sell our poor but it's nothing like what it was before, and many of our problems today are not exactly of the old poverty they're problems that have been thrown up by development and growth. Now this situation is always going to be with us, because no matter what the people get, they will always want something different.

Your job in the transformation of India is enormous. It must be very tempting to want to keep the kind of special situation



"DO YOU WANT INDIA TO CONTINUE AS A UNITED ENTITY OR DO YOU WANT ANARCHY?"

you have now in this emergency to carry on your work more efficiently.

Not at all, because I believe very firmly in democracy, not just in the ideal of democracy but as a way, as a practical proposition. I think it's the only system that can work in the country of India. Because we can only keep those divergent religious, linguistic and cultural groups together if they have a full feeling of participation and involvement.

You don't feel that you would get further by taking control for two years, going about the redistribution of land, the eradication of poverty quickly?

No, because I think that any system that is rigid invites big explosions. Our system allowed smaller explosions, and therefore the basic stability has been kept. It's been only in the last few months that somehow this movement took this turn. Even if they believed what they said, that we were unpopular they had only a very few months to wait for the elections.

It's interesting that the way in which you are bringing your opposition to water isn't the way the British treated your own party

No, I don't think it's worse. No, a lot of people were killed in India, although the Congress movement was truly nonviolent.

I have heard that J. P. Narayan has said that finally what you're doing is what he wanted done. Is he really your enemy? I don't regard anybody in my country, but I might tell you that he has publicly said, and it's in print, black and white, that the army should take over, that democracy is not the system for India, that the Constitution also needed to be changed.

Overall, how would you assess your popularity in the country now, with the emergency on?

I think popularity at a very Western concept in the way I think you mean it. But the very vast majority of the people have welcomed this happening, the fact that life has come back to normal, that there isn't that constant violence. I mean for parents were fed up that their children were now going to schools and colleges, were not willing to sit at home. The businessmen were fed up that the market would put up his prices and the government seemed rather benign and so on. From this point of view, I think that people are very much with us.

In India, India?

You know, I disapprove of the sort of slogan, but some people find it catchy and "popular" in the sense that you used the word earlier. Large numbers of people after I took certain measures in 1969 are now the underprivileged, the minorities that formed the vast majority, identified themselves with me in a way. While I'm prime minister, as I said, I do not personally and not automatically represent the people of India, but I don't think that anybody's indispensable.

How did you feel when the world reacted so strongly against the explosion of the atomic device in this country?

I thought that it was very hypocritical of them.

That's funny. They brought the bomb of you.

How can it be hypocritical if we're consistently used in parliament that we are going to use atomic energy for engineering and other purposes. Many of the countries that criticized us either have bombs or are constantly having explosions over ground and underground and so on. Our purpose was purely a peaceful experiment.

Are you making any bombs now?

Well, we haven't made any bombs, no, nor are we making one right now.

Do you foresee the necessity to do that as Pakistan gets stronger?

I don't think that that is connected with Pakistan. India has worked for disarmament very sincerely, and while the foreign policy is directed toward the solution



Good. And dry.

of disputes through negotiations and discussions, and this is the only way the world can survive. So there is no point in taking a war several days further than it already is when it has enough.

One of the things that has been written about you is that you admired Jane of Arcs a lot, that she was a great inspiration for you. Do you remember that?

No. What I was an advocate, we were fighting for independence and all of my heroes and heroines were people who had fought for independence or for their country. I mean, I was very single-minded. I think now the situation has turned out very much like

that, because although I have close to much for the country's group, not the mass of people had a small group was in effect trying to win back against me which is what they did to her.

You are not worried about a similar end? No. I mean, I don't mind if it happens.

A lot of women at this point in history are very interested in getting more control over their lives. What is your own perception of women's subsistence in the East and West?

Well, I think it's important that every individual should have more control over his

or her own life, and I think also the men don't have much control over their lives right now. They are just part of a machine they just need to be themselves. That's what women are trying, but I think that they will help the men too. You see, I've always had full control of my life, ever since I was a child, partly due to circumstances. There were periods when my entire family was in prison and I was absolutely alone in an enormous house. I had to manage. I had to see that the school fees were paid and I had to work the doctors and deal with the police if they came to search the house, and all that sort of thing, even when I was quite small.

Is it conceivable that you may not be come minister shortly?

Well, I think that this is purely a hypothetical question. One deals with the situation when it arises and one can't possibly say beforehand what will happen or what steps it will take.

How obviously, you would like to continue?

It's not a question of liking to continue, because basically I'm not a person who likes a political career of this kind. I mean, my sort of politics is to be involved in doing things that take the country in a particular direction. I don't believe in either politics or anything else as a career, you know. I'd like to be much freer. Being prime minister, of course, gives you the opportunity to give a direction, but I haven't that much power, and therefore one sometimes finds things are too slow.

Where would you say you have failed in your 10 years as prime minister, where would you say you are succeeded?

You know I don't look at life on the black-and-white quarter. It's all a process. We are trying to promote certain programs, we are trying to bring about a better life for our people. We know that we have improved life for large sections, we know that those same programs have sometimes created hardships for people. Sometimes a program has been well introduced but a few have taken advantage of it by the best-off groups. But it doesn't mean that these ideas are bad or the programs are bad. We just have to keep on being on our toes and to see that when there is such a wrong use, it is corrected in some way.

Do you feel though, any hesitation in your own progress as a political leader? I've never regretted myself as a leader you know. When I become prime minister I said that I'm here in the service of the people and I continue to regard myself as such.

What about the question of frustration though personally?

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Letters

Belly 'round the Union Jack

On behalf of the United Empire Loyalist Association of Canada, with branches from sea to sea (and here in Toronto, naturally), I would like to thank Bruce McCall for his excellent article, *Striking The Score For George III (II)* (July).

I cannot believe that he is not still "with us." Surely there is just another U.E.L. play to fill the empty slot in a fine sense of history, on the very eve of our bicentennial. At a time when the association has been leading the bushes to find some of the 80,000 odd (and I use the word guardedly) descendants of the Loyalists, he has, at one fell swoop, given them the undeniable reasons to join us.

Just imagine—at the restaurant of the Benbow Tea Party our men will see that coffee replaces the tea—what a blow! When *Washington* throws the silver dollar across the Atlantic our men will catch it—an older reality for one conviction. Paul Harvey's brand will suddenly lose two shades and be forced into early retirement. *Berry Ross* (as well as *developed countries*) the space. The possibilities are endless! Lead on Bruce McCall!

Power to the Maritime

Ralph Sorensen's article, *Cauling Up On Power* (August), raised questions and made little attempt to provide answers though it did contain a number of points that warrant close investigation. It appeared, for example, the effect that a Family Unit power project would have on the economy of the Atlantic provinces. And it completely overlooked the significance of a large electric power grid which would naturally be developed in the eastern provinces with a Family Unit power project.

This is no "handcuffed solution." The author should have provided our national magazine with a more objective viewpoint of a project which, if prosecuted well, would save this country quite (like 30 billion barrels of oil over a 75-year period).

J. ROBERT HOWSE, M.P.
JOHN GILBERT, M.P.

slightly searching for a Canadian identity. Both phenomena represented an apology by active Canadians for not being born south of the border, where they would not be self-consciously burdened with Canadian history, mores and traditions. While welcoming any place and may be an effective tool when properly used, the holding up of incidents of selfish and ethnocentric forms of nationalism or groups is reprehensible when done only for laughs.

J. H. H. PHILLIPS, WILKINSON STATION, ONT.

Since McCall's article on George III is without doubt the funniest piece you have printed in many a month. Let's have more (much more) of Bruce McCall!

FRANK E. BEARD, ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

For the past couple of years Ralph Sorensen has been an invaluable watchdog on the various energy bills proposed for the Maritimes. His article on Family Unit power reminded me of a small (but good) feature in having such an intelligent and responsible journalist to monitor the various that politicians and industrialists keep trying to pass on us.

DONALD ANDERSON, DONALDSON, N.S.

Good beats all change to life

Having just read Heather Robertson's *Sixty Up With The Corps Of Good Taste* (August), I can only say, "Yeah, Baby! Say it, say it, say it!"

Fortunately, the corpse is not yet dead. I work extensively in the theatre across Canada as director, writer and performer. There are many people in the regional theatres and in Toronto who are all too aware of the problems that Mr. Robertson so eloquently expresses. Many, many and questioning voices are being heard in the land.

The Robertson *Dosses* of this world with their vociferous will always be with us. But just over the hill and around the corner a whole legion is marching to contend for the space that they occupy.

BON CHADLEY, BARRINGTON, VICTORIA

I read Heather Robertson's August article and was reminded of a Nathan Cohen column I read some years ago: "Noel Coward and that man of little talent."

It came back to me when I read "Tribal of Beauty" (which, incidentally, I found to be a wonderful and readable piece). Kenneth Clark: "Inaudible to whom? How subjective, gratuitous and irrelevant—a personal opinion of a talented and cultured commentator like beholding. But then, because of a bad temper. Pity." MISS GORDON FROST, JAMES BARRINGTON

Thanks for Heather Robertson, telling it the way it is in the so-called arts. She is the only one so far who has had the courage to say that *Leslie of Myself* was a flop and that critics are terrified to state whether anything is good or bad.

No wonder there is really no risk taken in all the arts. It's the age of mediocrity and the worship of a name.

MISS A. TILTON, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Heather Robertson appears just in *Maclean's*. Hence the article I read first. She's a ripe critic: full of guts and insight and usually right on.

JOSEPH PARADIS, TORONTO

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Letters/continued

If Quebec separated, its people would quietly atone

Reading Walter Stewart's article (*My Farewell To Quebec, June*) is like being told by a doctor that your mother is an ally you don't want to believe it, but the cold, objective world of symptoms leaves you with no other choice.

There is a kind of mass born of mass frustration to which nations like people are subject. They want to do their own thing, to think and act in their own language, to be masters of their own destiny. The only difficulty is the mass of this is possible—not for French Canadians, not for the Irish, not for the Ukrainians in Russia. It is impossible because it implies respect or ignorance of the fact that there are other people in the world: one is not alone, and one must accomodate.

As a separate state, Quebec could give top priority to the French language. It could produce generations of French Canadians versed in one language only, secure in their national pride. They would then be able to maneuver quietly in a state that could provide jobs for fewer than one third of the people it graduates. Soon it would stop graduating them.

As an independent state, Quebec would lose the preferred status that comes from its having access to the resource income of the northern half of the continent. Quebec would have to deal with the Yankees on the same terms as any of the South American republics, and God knows they haven't been happy. Quebec would have to speak English because the Yankees are dumb and not going to learn French.

Even in its dealings with Canada, which would have become a foreign state, Quebec would have to speak English. Once Quebec had separated, French would virtually disappear west of the Quebec River. Whatever point there is in recognizing French is the language of six million Canadians would no longer apply once Quebec became a nation of ten million foreigners. That is not to say that the odd Canadian (me included, perhaps) would not be prepared to operate in French, for business or professional reasons. But official recognition would become obsolete on the day Quebec ceased being Canadian. I would regard this as unfortunate.

I learned French in a small village in western Quebec. I was the only English kid in a class of 25 or 30, comprising about four grades. Most of the kids who attended that school ended up working in the woods or driving lumber trucks down the winding Gascons highway.

When I went back as a candidate for a party in the throes of unemployment, they gave me a majority in all that country where I went to school with them and where I was the water tower and drive-in diner without lights along the roads and where empty beer bottles in the ditch for the provincial police to find. That was our pro-

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TIMEX



From left: 14-year-old John, 10-year-old Mary, 12-year-old Mike, Ray Kergen, Dawn, 2-year-old Gary, 10-year-old Paul, and 15-year-old John.

With the nearest repairman 50 miles away in Saskatoon, Mrs. Kergen figured she'd better get a Maytag Washer.

She figured right. For seven years now, the repairman has been practically a stranger.

"When you live where we live, you don't buy any appliances without worrying about breakdowns and repairs," writes Mrs. Sadie Kergen, Davidson, Sask. "Our home is sometimes unreachable for weeks during winter."

When the Kergens had to buy a new washer seven years ago, they decided on a Maytag because of its

reputation for dependability. "A choice we're still happy about," Mrs. Kergen states firmly. "We have six children, from two years old to 15, and I do 35 loads of wash a week. The last thing I need is for something to go wrong with my washer."

Mrs. Kergen likes her Maytags, including a dryer and dishwasher, so much that she influenced three other families to buy Maytag.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the second Mrs. Kergen has enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



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Letters/continued

case. Not English, not French, but a serious mispronunciation and interference of both. It was also Canada.

The point is not without importance. Room for error. But as a foreign country represented on racist and xenophobic terms, Quebec would be a mockery.

Separation is a falling back on oneself, a fight done mostly in French-speaking countries for the language problem which only becomes more acute. It would hang with it an increasing train of mutually destructive exasperations. The Académie is New Brunswick and the French in Ontario, Labrador, the mismanagement and oppression of the St. Lawrence Valley which would leave all the potential of becoming a North American State.

I once got up at a meeting where René Lévesque was speaking and yelled "Bullshit!" Some people would feel that this was a natural thing to do but I felt badly about it. I surely because my friend Paul Taylor, a member of the Ontario parliament, went to great trouble to bring René Lévesque to the National Press Club.

The point at which I interrupted Lévesque came when he stated that Pierre Trudeau used the corpse of Pierre Laporte to keep his party in power. I happen to have some respect for Trudeau and for Laporte. I had gone with two of my children to hear Laporte speak against separatism in the 1979 campaign, just a few months before he was found, trussed and strangled in the trunk of a car in October, 1970. That, too, was Quebec. I suppose I deeply resented René Lévesque, speaking in English, broadcasting Quebec's shame before an audience of strangers.

I resent René Lévesque's dealing with the xenophobia and racism of French Canadians as desperately attempting to convince them that separatism is some kind of dream they can opt into or out of as well if it doesn't work out. All the assurances about a quick exit, diver and then back into bed again under some kind of common law, or "evenness market," arrangement.

There is no easy or friendly way of pointing out to a country in two. And Canada is a country, in spite of those who believe their inferiority by covering it up with a thin veneer of Americanism, or those who regard it as clearly no extension of whatever part of Europe they happened to come from. Canada is a country in which various cultural groups can do their thing as they see fit. More power to them; positively praised, it is an enriching experience. When it becomes negative and exclusive, as Walter Stewart pointed out, it turns into racism.

Canada, in fact and in concept, is big enough and resilient enough to absorb a great many shocks. We have proved that we can build a society, a broadening interpenetration and sideways in English and French. Maybe there's still time to build a country that way.

THOMAS VAN DERSEN, AYLMER, EAST, QUE.

"Why I gave up commanding for encouraging."



AGS Arnet explains his transition from sea life to Sun Life.

"Working up from Cadet to Commander in the Royal Navy involved a lot of challenges. Including a World War."

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"Probably this seed was planted in my mind during the invasion of Salerno, the day our cruiser was hit by a glider bomb. The 500-pounder went through the deck three feet from where a group of us were standing. It exploded underneath the ship, and in the upheaval that followed, the men were steady and fearless, yet I had seen these same men made tense and anxious by the needs and problems of their families back home."

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Preview

BC: The election odds are up

During his current month-long swing through the province, BC Premier David Barrett has been steadily assuring supporters there is only a 30% chance of an election this year, but political insiders at Victoria say the possibility of a late fall vote is "more like 60% and changing."

There are plenty of indications Barrett will almost certainly shuffle his cabinet this month, getting rid of heavy hitters and the loosest portfolio he has kept for himself. The Premier has been dropping promises of treatment and school tax cuts. While attacking Social Credit leader Bill Bennett as a tool of big business, Bennett will not be caught short on an early call. He has also been campaigning through the summer.

A winner in 1972 with only 40% of the popular vote, Barrett is a man who takes chances. He insisted that voters on government are more apt to vote if they win an election, even after BC's current labor troubles. Barrett notes that "their opinion isn't necessarily mine."

**Just as one strike ends...**

A poll currently circulating in Montreal suggests that "strike" is the first word children learn in the city's primary schools. Taken in high school they teach them how to spell it, and in college how to do it. The joke was lost on Montreal's long-suffering public, hibernating in late September (though that third season strike is the year).

Early last month bus and metro drivers went on strike. When they returned, the bus maintenance men struck. When that strike ends there is a choice the drivers will hit the bricks again because they weren't paid while the program wasn't working.

The future looks worse still. Quebec's poorly paid men are working to make and may strike. The foremen of Montreal's municipal workers are restless because they make less than the men they supervise. Police who last month voted in favor of a new contract by the union of municipal police will want a better working schedule. Three hundred and fifteen employees of Montreal's popular French-language station CFTM-TV have been out for 20 weeks.

Postal workers are just counting the days until they walk out and the common front of the province looks biggest weakest—the Confederation of National Trade Unions, the Quebec Federation of Labor and the

Quebec Teachers' Corporation—have begun what may be bitter negotiations on behalf of public servants who want an average raise of about 60%.

Kinsinger's coming!... maybe

During a last-week visit to Ottawa, United States Secretary of State Henry Kissinger will make his first official visit to Ottawa—October 14-15. Kissinger has cancelled three previous planned trips to Ottawa since he became Secretary of State in 1973, citing cost-cutting reasons. This apparent relegation of Canada to the category of non-priorities because of Kissinger's pompous



same being constant last summer from Richard Nixon, the former head of Canada's Foreign Investment Review Agency, Sach Munnay. "To me it is a little surprising that he (Kissinger) might not have wanted to spend a quiet day or two in Ottawa while working with our Prime Minister, who is a man of very high intellect. People say other things about him, but he has a very, very high intellect. He is also a fellow Harvard graduate." A short time later the place for the Secretary of State's two-day October visit was announced.

The post-Choquette dilemma

When Quebec education minister Jacques Choquette inherited the Liberal Party cabinet over the government's theory language law Bill 22, the question was not "why" but "what next?"

Political compromise was never the strong point of the man they called "Jaw-jawed Jerry" when he was the province's hard-balled Minister of Justice. He said when he quit that he had been shaking about it for weeks. Ever since school opened he had been trying to convince cabinet colleagues to scrap the law so that all immigrant children, who for or else they passed into allowing their English education, would attend French schools. But Robert Bourassa and all but two of those of his cabinet members who'd agreed.

Choquette, 47, was Bourassa's strongest lieutenant, though lately he may have been getting too strong. For the Premier's usual academic master he had presided over the riotous and later had set up the inquiry into separatist violence, a group of bodies that is the end of the Liberal Party move

harm that good.

Choquette may not act as an independent for long. Within hours of his resignation the education file of all the opposition Parti Québécois and Choquette would be welcome in the assembly. But Choquette is a staunch federalist and the right man of that independence for Quebec. It is more likely that a political party would ask Choquette to carry its banner. The Union Nationale is in a sorry state the last election has been searching for a new leader, and Choquette might fill the bill.

Laughed gone shunning

If Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed is indeed a "Wise-eyed Andy," then his current two-week mission to meet Common Market countries may be seen as an economic blunder. Lougheed and his party of 33—which includes 20 cabinet ministers—are looking for heavy European investment, security for gas and oil exploration, but more for secondary and away development. On an adviser said "Something to fall back on when the oil and gas run out." The Lougheed mission will touch down in 18 major European centers. The Premier will make five speeches two of which he hosts, one of major importance. Because Lougheed is following the trail broken by Prime Minister Trudeau's recent ECX mission under this year, Ottawa will be working with more than usual interest. Alberta's fall the Trudeau tour was something of a flop and the more optimism about their men's mission.

Is it good-bye Genn?

Gene Mauch may be staying as a third strike as manager of the Montreal Expos. After seven seasons of losing baseball, fans and critics feel that Mauch is the right manager for the team's performance in Montreal.

ing a mockery of Montreal's big league pretensions. Expos' President John McHale won't comment himself, though, until a meeting this month, where he'll "put down all the phones and wireless" of Mauch's performance in Montreal.

It will be hard to find the place. In seven years under Mauch, the Expos have never played baseball well. Mauch's 16 years in a losing manager in the major is not working in his favor, although he is concerned through 1975. The much-touted Phase Two expansion program has become, to most people, Phase Two.

Get a taste of independence.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid smoking. Average per cigarette: 16mg Tar, 1.1mg Nicotine.

MOVING TO CORRECT THE ERROR

"I'm not planning any violent shifts or major change," Pierre Trudeau declared at a jet-vacation press conference in early August. By the end of the month, Trudeau's word had been taken to mean a promise for a change of the guard was dashed. One of his closest associates Jean Marchand, offered to resign after a traffic conviction—and Trudeau came to the agonizing realization that his aging transport minister had to be given less conspicuous duties. The shock, however, was John Turner's resignation from finance—as an act that underlined a prevailing view that Trudeau's ship of state was adrift.

Trudeau finally attempted to come to grips with events late last month: he

works. He received inspiring "law-and-order" at the catchphrase of the government approach, limited he coined a softer description, "peace-and-order." To handle the sensitive issue, Trudeau elevated Ron Bedford, who had been demoted to the power-shifting revenue portfolio in last year's cabinet changes, to the post of justice minister. He said Bedford was a "small-d liberal" who will not "go overboard in the law-and-order kick." As the first Premier in the justice portfolio since Donald Fleming in 1953, Bedford could also defend the abortion issue as his proponent. Otto Lang helped to polish with his militant, anti-abortion stance. Lang's shift to the transport portfolio



Shuffle! Lang to Transport, Gillespie to Energy, Jenkinson to Industry, Trade and Commerce, Bedford to Justice, and Marchand to a ministry without portfolio

assured Donald Macdonald to the finance portfolio, shifted Trade Minister Arthur Gillespie to Macdonald's old energy post and elevated Jacques Lacombe to Equities as Minister. Dan Coxe moved Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce. With the addition of newcomers Marcel Lévesque as Deputy Minister of Economic Expansion and Bob Collier Turner's personal parliamentary assistant in Revenue, Trudeau launched an offensive to counter talk of "drift" in his government. "I attempted to form a cabinet on the economic front which will be able to show action and take initiatives," Trudeau said at a press conference after the formal swearing in ceremony. "Nothing that the economy is in 'a serious situation'." Trudeau added: "We realize to a government we have to give leadership."

The task ahead extends beyond the economy to a growing list of unsolved problems. Even among government supporters, there is a feeling that the Liberals have lost their direction since the 1974 election. Said one backbencher: "You're leaving every important matter hanging. The economy is hanging, immigration is hanging, even health care is hanging."

Responding to growing public concern over crime, Trudeau promised action to "give control, capital punishment, the

felix continued with Bedford's promotion should polish up the party's image in the West. But as outspoken Westerners in a cabinet dominated by ministers from Ontario and Quebec.

The image vector of the day was a physically demigianted Jean Marchand. Clearly he was not up to managing the unwieldy transport department, which is being corporatized and which Marchand himself described as "a mess." Marchand, ever a proud individual, was in reluctant to accept demotion to minister without portfolio—he did not even appear for a photo session with the new team.

Prominent problems aside, Trudeau had to act when he did because of mounting criticism of the government's economic management. The inflation rate is back up to 13.9% after dropping below 7% briefly in the spring. Unemployment is at a 16-year-high of 7.5%. The government has been accused of doing nothing beyond hoping for an economic recovery in the United States. But private forecasts don't hold out much hope for improvement. The Conference Board, a reliable economic research agency, predicts continued high inflation rates for the next 12 months and an unemployment rate of 8%—which would be the worst since the great Depression

The situation has prompted some government appointees to speak out. Pierre Plamondon, chairman of the government's Food Prices Review Board, asserted that "there has been very little real economic leadership" coming from Ottawa's Grand Bazaar, the remote province of the Bank of Canada was more often in his comments. "There is an inadequate expression of the seriousness of the problem as well as the need for a more aggressive approach," said Bedford, but one finance official said there is no doubt that Bedford had the government in mind.

Carl Engel, head of the Montreal-based C. D. Howe Research Institute and a former economic adviser to Trudeau and Simon Fraser, former Deputy Minister of Finance, both have called for wage and price controls. André Raymond, chairman of the Economic Council of Canada and a Trudeau insider, recommended action on pay restraint after a predetermined level.

But Trudeau and after his new team was assembled that he still prefers the voluntary approach. Mandatory measures he said, don't solve the underlying problems. Instead, he's looking for meetings with wage and finance officials, he was keeping all his options open. If Macdonald is leaning at all it is more in direction of voluntarism than shock treatment. "Sometimes," he says "message programs result in a..."

REPORTER LAWRENCE UNGERMAN

OTTAWA

Was Turner, in truth, pushed?

"I leave the speculation to you," John Turner told the press after his resignation last month and questioning they did. There, with a few words delivered, usually, at a farewell party for the press. Turner considered much that had been written about the circumstances of his departure from the finance ministry. Contrary to the charge of a desperate man, he was not the one who precipitated the resignation showdown with Prime Trudeau, it was the Prime Minister who asked for the meeting with Turner and his resignation "presented" from this meeting. "I never's statement really served to fuel more speculation of a blowup with Trudeau over economic policy."

Apolitic dispute in an increasingly complex explanation for Turner's sudden departure has several, subtle nuances. They, there was a much deeper and broader of Turner's resignation. It was more an accumulation of irritants. Indeed, some Liberals are angry at the speculation and claim John Turner is

The new No. 2: everybody's first choice

He has been called a "parliamentary maverick man," his relief against "rednecks" who almost could have him out of office in 1972, and once stomped off a television studio set, enraged by a question. But after 10 years of maturity, Ron Macdonald is neither a maverick nor a maverick. "He's much milder than I am," says the determined spouse (he holds a business administration degree from Dalhousie) of Canadian's first finance minister, Donald Sault Macdonald. "The children, here, never was his abrupt or abusive." At age 43, Macdonald might just want to start a double life in addition to administering the department's Powerbooks Act. He is now from the challenge of getting the government out of back at a new the resignation of John Turner poses questions about Ottawa's management of the economy. As Macdonald considers, "The thing is not anxious to be taking over."

For a man supposedly possessing a broad edge, Macdonald's temper is decidedly mild. He is the son of a fireman and Ottawa businessman an Ashbury old boy, who still bowls the occasional snooker match, and a graduate of the University of Toronto. Osgoode and Harvard law schools and Cambridge. "He may not be in public for being seen as a somewhat shy guy," says Liberal MP John Roberts, "but he's one of the most civil and considerate men I've met."

Macdonald's image from the fact that he is not a fan of the Liberal Party. As the former leader of Ontario's Liberal Party he had the last word on patronage appointments and government spending in the province—and sometimes beyond. (It was Macdonald's harsh charge that the province was being run by Ottawa. "Macdonald's challenge," he says, "is to be a Liberal Party leader.")

Macdonald was one of Peter Trudeau's earliest Ontario supporters in the 1960s. In the new government, he served as a kind of backstop in those days. Facing a package of time-restrictive economic changes in a reluctant opposition. With that task out of the way and in the

longrun money. Trudeau moved Macdonald into the defence portfolio. He was a strong advocate of reducing Canada's commitments in Europe, and deployed himself in those during the War Measures Act of emergency of 1970 in the high pay energy portfolio for the past 14 months. Macdonald overtook federalism. From the 1973 of crisis through the break in the impact with Alberta over oil pricing.

Despite a friendly open manner, Macdonald is a tough negotiator. Says a senior opposition MP: "He has a very strong opinion for fighting his real feelings." Ontario treasurer Darcy McKeough has as much reason to say to both Macdonald. As a former minister of energy himself, Macdonald told him: "We've tangled too often," Macdonald, reflecting a general view, said: "He's got a sharp face, but I like him. He's honest and straightforward."

Macdonald was an obvious choice for finance, since he was at the top of most significant issues. He is the son of a fireman and Ottawa businessman an Ashbury old boy, who still bowls the occasional snooker match, and a graduate of the University of Toronto. Osgoode and Harvard law schools and Cambridge. "He may not be in public for being seen as a somewhat shy guy," says Liberal MP John Roberts, "but he's one of the most civil and considerate men I've met."

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Big Mac: no stronger in the hot seat

whether it's a ministerial. Colleagues at whether it really has no affiliation. Macdonald is at least as much a boss and wage setter. "Mandatory controls are very difficult to get in place effectively and very difficult to get out of once you have them. But we got a strong belief in controls as a means of saving the economy."

Macdonald is leaning toward "a fresh very intensive dialogue" with labor and business and voluntary initiatives. "Canadian labor leadership is responsible," he says. "It would be wise for the government to try to attempt to enter them, if we can provide assurances that other sectors of the economy will not take advantage of their restraint."

When Macdonald graduated from Osgoode in 1955, his classmate was the most politically potent. It included Ontario Premier William Davis, Macdonald's former cabinet colleague Robert Staebler and several provincial ministers. Because of his driving and disruptive behavior at a graduation banquet, resulting in the cancellation of the annual affair. The class acquired the reputation as the most troublesome. To commemorate the single hour, the class produced a handout trophy at students in the province who best exemplify the spirit of rebelliousness. Despite his image, Donald Macdonald has yet to win the award.

around. "There's the last election," and one other. "I don't know," he says, "but I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop. Turner decided he can't be prime minister and he just wanted out."

By last week, Turner said he had decided on his own move. He was to meet his riding executive in Ottawa early this month, where he might announce when he plans to step down as a Member of Parliament. He reportedly considered several ways to provide leadership, including a portfolio in the field of law or 50 federal bills and the chairmanship of Finance Ltd., a Montreal-based industrial group. But he thinks they are too much on a return to politics in the future, although a return to the Conservative leadership is not, in the

trying to be seen both ways, enjoying the situation given any manner of action in the cabinet. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto. Osgoode and Harvard law schools and Cambridge. "He may not be in public for being seen as a somewhat shy guy," says Liberal MP John Roberts, "but he's one of the most civil and considerate men I've met."

Turner has completed priority about

short-term, he may decide to speak not critically, as governments in economic policy tend, in the long-term, he may run for prime minister. "If the party should decide to elect him, he would come back," one close friend said confidentially. **MONTREAL**

And for our next act . . .

If Montreal's 47th World Fair had the effect of a bottle of bubble in Canadians from coast to coast, it was the city of Montreal that ended up with the hangover. Businessmen and contractors still shudder when they recall the post-expo dump. Construction spending, for instance, didn't return to its pre-expo level until 1973. Some even blame piles of social tension following the fair on the business lull. That's why all levels of government are delaying building projects until after the Olympic Games. Among big jobs waiting is the bridge over the St. Lawrence (railway) extension, a sewage plant for the city, the federal government's Place Guy Frenais and renovation of Montreal's port office.



Plaque: Montreal should be without one.

But the epidemic project of all—Sept. 4 night event for two years—may be a \$215-million integrated complex of three buildings the Quebec government hopes will put Quebec business on the world map. The complex will be a \$65-million convention center, and for the Quebec government, a 20-story world trade center (from floors of which will be leased by the province) and a 34-floor office tower, several quarters for Bell Canada. It's already being named as the main office of World Airport, 20 miles north of the city, and its mission as Phil O'Brien, vice-president of Montreal World Trade Centre Ltd., sees it as "a key for Quebec as Canada can sell today's cities in China."

Quebec's Office of Planning et Développement du Québec (the provincial planning board that has been working on the project, presented its report to cabinet this morning. "The whole point," said expy planner Ronald Macneil, balancing the report on his knee in a Quebec City office one recent afternoon, "is that Quebec is at the mercy of its trading partners. Nine export industries are more than 50% dependent on trade outside Canada—

their accounts for 800,000 jobs." Macneil said the pulp and paper and aluminum industries did respectively 94% and 80% of their business outside Quebec. "I've seen we had some better facilities to cope with international trade." The cargo report is for an estimate when Quebec's small but important trade representatives to take over on international trade.

Attached to the convention center—a center that as a punch will hold 10,000 as a state assembly hall—will be a hotel and a tourist information center. Through the hotel, the city has been told, the complex could also be the terminus for a rapid transit line from the new airport.

As for the World Trade Centre, the government has agreed to lease land for construction over the Trans-Canada Highway near the terminus of Craig-McDonald's University Avenue, on the western edge of Montreal's financial district. Macneil says his department's projections show the complex would create 103,000 new jobs in Quebec by 1985—and that's on the optimistic side—"as Quebec businesses find new outlets."

Another backer of the trade center is Jean Les, former Minister of Trade and Commerce in the federal government. Papanicolaou says he has been for such development. "They're all over the world—Tokyo, Japan, you name it."

There have been some something like the expo project will suffer very late. Several weeks ago, for instance, the Quebec Liberal Party invited Hsien Kuo of the Hudson's Bay Company to a party. He, who was Montreal's head office has been discussing a \$100-million contract with the Quebec government—a contract not yet signed—said Montreal could be a center of the world's major cities. He spoke in front of a light of Japanese he came from Quebec's vast Japan Bay power project to the Great Wall of China.

There they, however, he a few wrinkles in the world. The city's capital can presumably take care of itself if it has already opened up the land for the future of the project and the government is paid for the cost of the convention center. The World Trade people still haven't raised the capital they need for construction, as supposed to begin next year.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Everybody hits the bricks

In Kelowna the garbage has been piling up for a month. In Vancouver, burning for 79 cents a load is not so common and customers are being asked to bring their own bags. In the heart of the city, however, residents of northern Vancouver Island are without a bag to hold their trash. And in parked buses across the province there is no room for British Columbia's garbage. The trouble is in the disposal which have all but shut down the recently booming provincial sector. From his headquarters in Victoria office, Premier

David Barrett continued to issue Hands Off! orders in the number of disputes caused. 70. The one government worried the voters striking unions not to look in the capital for settlement solutions. In a statement approaching ministerial status, Labor Minister Bill King offered: "The bargaining process implies the responsibility to write your own dispute yourself." Which is not comfort to battered British Columbians, for whom the show is a better personal story.

Adding to the labor headache is an overwhelming atmosphere of alienation. About 150 Vancouver area supermarkets remain closed with no sign of imminent negotiations. Talks aimed at ending the month-long shutdown of the forest union have collapsed. Followed by some headway with sugar refinery workers, in mid-June, have failed.

The cumulative effect of the forest strike and related disputes could prove devastating to the BC economy. Labor department officials project that two million man-days of labor will be lost directly through this year. Compared to last year, this represents a loss of \$102.5 million in income, a figure that could double when strike-related layoffs are added. Pressure is a Premier Barrett, from all quarters, to expedite and step into the labor market. Meanwhile, the Premier's working party, which is looking for ways to deal with the problem, could only continue to read through newspapers, shop at corner stores, drink at the Scotch, eat on papered soup and hope for the best. **JACQUES HAMILTON**

CANADA

A poisoned man's warning

At the same time, Japanese labor stepped up its use of the word "Whore" in Japan. In a 70-mile northwest of Kanagawa, Ontario it was clear he was an ordinary worker. His legs bled under him, his face, his head, his head on a cane, the other in a hand, his hands to ward



Minneapolis on there may know the truth.

his body worked by his own. On the paper he had been over his spokesperson, he had been with the affliction and his mission was ANITA DISASTERS MERCURY POLLUTION VIC-

THE LIES NEVER STOPPED THE TRAGEDY. With two other mid-level ministry personnel, victims from the day falling victim of a Montreal, which grew to be the first case after the first epidemic broke out there in 1936. 38-year-old Eugene Blumstein was on a 10-day Canadian tour for which he had paid his own plane fare to visit the 1100 Quebec Indians of his band and nearby Grey-Narrows Indians against visiting the ministry-fund him from the English-Whisperer river system which flows in front of them. "I was the people here to see my body and know what necessary pollution was."

One Whistler, however, reported nightmares after seeing Blumstein and his family. Blumstein, who was 100 and had 100 other cases have been diagnosed to date, of them, children, people, people, people. The sightings stretched out in crowds and over on the day of his visit, some Indians still are fish.

For Blumstein, the quality and lack of government service was one of the worst. But he presented the Indians with a small booklet that the one Japanese woman had said to demonstrate against the game polluting Chinese Corporation and was more than \$100 million in damages, among them, "the most important demonstration is the loss of water to 100,000 people in the world." Whistler, Chief Ben McDonald, wanted an agreement from the Indians to allow the company to launch a land-use study to a suit against David Paper Co., whose agents, who said that those who were not in the land, had dumped at least 100 tons of waste material into the Whistler stream from 1962 and 1970. Said Fred Kelly, spokesman for the area's water people: "The Indians people are necessary to the water system is necessary to the Indians."

But Blumstein also brought along a medical report by Japanese biologist Dr. Masahiko Hirata, a mercury expert who had examined 89 Indians last August and found 13 with serious mercury poisoning. He said that the Indians, who were accompanied with Blumstein, "were of whom have no medical explanation for it other than their high level of mercury poisoning." Dr. Hirata has concluded that he has "no doubt" that the symptoms have begun to appear a sign that brain damage has already been done. The disease is reversible, he said, and reversible. As Chief McDonald said, warning the Japanese: "I only hope it's not too late. It's a screw and a pry." **MARK MCNEIL**

Nixon Agonistes

All through the Ontario election campaign, the broad-based smile of Lib and leader Robert Nixon beamed on a fairly even or a weak election. Newspaper polls showed his party well ahead of Premier William Davis' Conservatives and Nixon happily confessed one of his problems in the last days before the vote was that "you walk up at



Waste again, rumors of imminent election.

front in the morning and start to think those who you're not in the land. Last week, the smile had vanished and a tense Nixon, once more repaid by the voters, was fighting off accusations in his disappointed party had swung in December or not to win the election. "I'll tell you when I feel like it," he snapped when asked about his future. "I refuse to look at this as a defeat."

Nixon could point to an impressive 65% in the Liberal's popular vote last week, the popular vote was 25% short of the Liberal's goal of 50% in the last election. Nixon had been in the Liberal's camp for a total of 36. Support for the New Democratic Party was up only two percentage points (10.7% to 12.7%) but they gained 39 seats in 31 and emerged as the official opposition to Ontario's first minority government in 36 years. The badly shaken Tories (retained with 31 seats (down from 78) in the 125-seat legislature).

Liberalism as Senator Pierre Arpin of Saskatchewan was already sitting. Senator Sinclair, looking for a second of the Liberal Reformers, announced to sit on the legislature "until they bury me." Of the Liberal's Leader Ed Broadbent had his party 10 seats and for the first time since he himself was an opponent in 1968. As St. John's had a seat for the first time since 1968. **MARK MCNEIL**

With a new election expected in early or next spring, all three parties will be trying to make a strong impression in the new legislature which convenes October 23. The Liberals in particular will have to try to establish its credibility in large urban centers where they failed miserably in the election. All three main rivals in the Legislature are in the province's third party. Said one leader Stephen Lewis: "The question is, do they (the public) see the Liberal Party as a flagging force in October? And will it be the Liberal that will in fact be the dominant force that the public has a different perspective of the Liberals and the NDP?"

Nixon said at the suggestion, "Superficial observers have been predicting that for 30 years. My history shows that in the last 30 years, the Liberals have been in the next election they were more than defeated. The province doesn't want a local government whether you call it a city or not." **ANGELA FARRAR**

NEWFOUNDLAND

The Geoff & Joey Show

The television had an event. Mr. Brooks quipped it was. There was a show called Sea-World, which was in the middle of a film showing John Kennedy's assassination. The show was called "The Kennedy Assassination." "I'm not sure," he said, "if it's 'correspondence' between the victims of JFK and the Liberal Reform Party."

That at least was the explanation of Newfoundland broadcaster Geoff Stirling, 53, who ran against Party Premier Frank Moores and lost. Stirling, however, in the pre-work of Newfoundland's election when he appeared last week before a Canadian Radio-Television Commission hearing reviewing his record of television broadcasting, said he was not a "vocal" Newfoundland Broadcaster. Stirling was answering charges that he had used his station as a propaganda tool of the Liberal and Liberal Reform Parties. His plans for Sea-World included parties for the Liberal and Liberal Reform Parties, Martin Luther King and Pines.

Stirling's TV campaign influenced Moores, who ultimately lost the broadcast to about 1,000 votes. As for his station, Stirling said he was not a "vocal" Newfoundland Broadcaster. Stirling was answering charges that he had used his station as a propaganda tool of the Liberal and Liberal Reform Parties. His plans for Sea-World included parties for the Liberal and Liberal Reform Parties, Martin Luther King and Pines.

The Premier was not so concerned with the new House of Assembly. He said the combined position forces now least 21 of the 51 seats, an unusual development as a province accustomed to opposition forces running fewer than a dozen. Stirling, however, looking for a second of the Liberal Reformers, announced to sit on the legislature "until they bury me." Of the Liberal's Leader Ed Broadbent had his party 10 seats and for the first time since he himself was an opponent in 1968. As St. John's had a seat for the first time since 1968. **MARK MCNEIL**

The World

TWO SHOTS LATER, FORD'S A BELIEVER

Despite all his friends and colleagues who tell him he's overreacting, President Gerald Ford's public appearance will never be the same again. He has now been convinced that if he does not stop plunging into crowds at schools or locations—grazing his way through hundreds of handshakes—he will not live to run in next year's election.

That message was delivered with stunning clarity by Sara Jane Moore, a troubled 46-year-old divorcee who did everything

not just under surveillance and her name was not added to the list of 63,000 persons considered "at risk" to the men who guard the President. On the day of Ford's arrival in San Francisco, Sally Moore, as though determined by her own to offend, bought a ticket-placed 10 coffee cups and a mug of water for \$140. Then, applying by the nose of the President, she called police and reported the name of the seller of the gun to a disinterested precinct officer. Purposely speeding on a freeway on the hope of being apprehended, she arrived in time to point at herself in the crowd. And on a hot afternoon outside the St. Francis Hotel amid cheers and clapping as Ford made his way to his car, a shot rang out. That same the President had been saved by the actions of an ex-military Oliver Sipple, who leapt forward and shielded the shiny revolver from Sally Moore's hand to the floor. Later in a published interview Moore said it was "like target practice. The security was so stupid... it was like an invasion."

Yet for some inexplicable reason, the official White House has remained unchanged. Presidential press secretary Ron Nisman was falling over his words with doublets as he tried to pretend that the President's plans have not been curtailed because of the second attempt on his life in 11 days. It was simply not true. Almost two Presidential trips where full details had not been fixed—one to Florida, the other to Arizona—have been canceled. During the last two months of the year Ford will

hardly travel at all, preferring the safety of his Oval Office. His style of travel will also reflect a glow new awareness of the potential danger that lurks in crowd scenes. Physically well, he will not allow his bodyguards to follow him in his private life. He will never again indulge in indiscreetness plunging into crowds. He has agreed to keep moving quickly behind his bodyguards whenever he is on the scene at a previously announced stop. In future, the Presidential officer will keep 500 strong rears now and again, affording the President a chance to share a few hands.

Obviously the Secret Service will say nothing about their new plans or tactics. Nevertheless it is understood that apart from ordering a speedup of a new mission "protocol" from an undisclosed form of consultants, he is also planning for the opening of an official program scheduled in 1973 for lack of funds. Directed by army scientists, the object was to form one group from a crowd before a word be known would have a chance to fire. One of the most promising methods involved the use of highly trained men, snipers, particularly poisons, whistles, flashlights and miniature gyroscopes. The dogs, which were to be carried by agents mingling with crowds awaiting the arrival of the President, were to be used to find weapons by learning to sniff the odors of gun oil, gun solvent and powder left in the barrel when a gun is fired. As one of the researchers said, "What could be less conspicuous than a female agent

sniffing through the crowd carrying her miniature poisons?"

Another technique involved, and one likely to be reversed in the use of a miniature metal detector that one is used in a briefcase. Agents, then, would allow agents to mingle in a crowd and wherever they passed anyone carrying a gun or a rifle, the metal detector would trigger an audible signal in a tiny radio transmitter concealed in the agent's spectacles. While agents were "working" the crowd a large device called an infrared imaging system would scan the area. Like a television camera with a zoom lens, the scanner could focus on anyone and by measuring the infrared energy radiating from the body could actually discern the shape of a concealed weapon. All this should be in place by the first day of development and it seems likely they will all be in use for next year's election campaign.

The sense of urgency behind the new security measures was obvious when it was announced that Presidential candidates were offered protection after the assassination of Sen. Robert Kennedy in 1968. At that time, Sen. Kennedy was to have been in San Francisco. To help Egypt get back the Abu Radda fields, the Shah agreed to supply Israel's total needs at a cost of some \$350 million a year. With this assurance, Kennedy gave Jerusalem his guarantee that the United States will make sure that Israel never wants for oil. During the campaign that led to the second Kennedy was forced to face the question of continuing supplies to Jerusalem if the Shah should stop from the bank of American influence.

WASHINGTON

Kissinger's secret oil deal

In the political saloon that he left behind Capitol Hill, they have been pondering over a quiet dilemma ever since the Shah of Iran was sprung upon by Israel and Egypt last month. Now, if all goes wrong, with the United States support in guarantee of an oil supply to Israel?

The question still haunts the men in power. It is deemed too delicate for open diplomacy. And the fact is that they can be determined would seem to find the answer that is being felt by the government of Yashak Rubin. Indeed, all of the senior Israeli Secretaries of State, Henry Kissinger, and Yashak Rubin, and Kissinger in Israel has increased more activity and debate on the Jewish state than the future of her oil reserves and her total reliance on the United States for an assured supply.

Israel's concern is centered on the Abu Radda in fields, with 86 wells spread over a 10-mile-wide area which will be officially returned to Egypt in mid-December under the Sinai Peace. The Russian oilfields supply Israel with 31.5% of the 49 million barrels she needs annually. For many years Israel has paid for the oil from Iran, from Iran under a secret agreement. The Shah's plan to improve to the Arab world has led to a "no-oilism" about which the oil goes when it leaves my hand." Nevertheless, the Shah has recently become re-



Kissinger and Rubin, an oil, no secret

cessantly friendly with Egypt. Ironically because of this, he was open to expanding the Israeli agreement for Israel to supply oil to Jerusalem. The deal was to be a secret. To help Egypt get back the Abu Radda fields, the Shah agreed to supply Israel's total needs at a cost of some \$350 million a year. With this assurance, Kennedy gave Jerusalem his guarantee that the United States will make sure that Israel never wants for oil. During the campaign that led to the second Kennedy was forced to face the question of continuing supplies to Jerusalem if the Shah should stop from the bank of American influence.

To satisfy Rubin, Kissinger negotiated a backup agreement—written and never talked about—with an intention to supply crude oil in a last resort. It is the Indonesian agreement that is causing anxiety among U.S. senators. Typically, Kissinger is 400 reluctant to reveal details. Even those who have attended the secret briefing sessions are concerned about the Indonesian contract. They know that the U.S. will be left to support a government from her own already depleted oil supply if the deal goes sour. Israel's interest in this is quickly spreading around for other oil supplies. Canada has been opened with Venezuela and an African country to Jerusalem's advantage is anxious to negotiate its own backup deal. She is also attempting to diversify her energy sources through development of nuclear power, hydroelectric energy and coal. Four large coal-fired generators designed to meet 40% of Israel's electrical needs by 1981 are now on order. With a world surplus of coal supplies virtually assured in the future, it is not as certain as major oil producers such as the United States, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela.

But the key is oil—for the next five years at least. Already underway is the construction of a huge network of oil storage tanks around Israel's Negev Desert. Estimated to cost \$100 million, the tanks are designed

to hold a year's supply of oil. But it will take three or four years to complete the network project. Meanwhile Israel will have to depend on her reported oil months reserve and that worrisome pledge from Washington.

The oil issue is only one of many international concerns that are continuing to surface here. Despite the sense of urgency radiating from the Administration, Kissinger's term agreement is unlikely to see House and Senate approval before the end of the month.

SAN FRANCISCO

The woman who ran with Patry

By any standard, it was a vague sort of characters who were finally brought before the courts in the first chapter of the Patry libel suit filed this month.

First there was Patry herself, male, down and wearing dirty clothes. Brown pants and a striped shirt. During the indictment proceedings she arrived crazily and often. Later, when the court adjourned her lawyers pleaded that she was not a dangerous fugitive but a helpless victim who had been blindfolded and looked at a crowd for some weeks, who had been treated and threatened in the past where she had had back with reality. Then there was Paul and Emily Hansen, allegedly Patry's friends. They were depicted as hardened terrorists whose violent ways were underlined by the small amount of gun armor found in their apartment. Finally there was Wendy Yoshimura, the sole defense featured Japanese-American man who was Patry's closest companion. Authorities believe that she and Patry have been together for at least a year. More important, she is a woman.



Hansen, the guerrilla who used her pants

Finally there is the feeling that the 30-year-old man may be the one person who possesses enough knowledge to prove Patry's Campbell. Her's distinct lack of innocence.

Yoshimura had been sought by the FBI and police ever since she jumped bail in 1972 after being charged with illegal possession of explosives in connection with a plot to blow up a military training build-



Moore, Moore's an invitation to kill

but take a full page ad to announce her next completion to shoot the President. Two days before the assassination attempt on the president the police asked to be held in custody because she was afraid of what she might do. They took her just away. The Secret Service visited her on the eve of Ford's birthday arrest but the plump woman with the severely backgrounded apparently didn't press the agents. She was

Headliner than the male?

Throughout its 179-year history, the United States has never experienced an attempt on a President's life by a woman, although more than a dozen men had tried with varying degrees of success. Then, within a 11-day period, two women pointed guns at Gerald Ford. It sounds too obvious to even use an explanation, but leading psychologists and criminologists are seriously mulling the question of a possible link between these latest episodes of female violence and the broadening involvement of women in all social activities as advocated by the women's liberation movement. The experts stop short of saying that the domestic infidel figure of Lyndon "Squeaky" Fromme or the leprechaun's head of Sara Jane Moore would be likely to appreciate such attentional exposure of feminism as Betty Friedan or Gloria Steinem. Whether they believe this

new breed of woman the mission may have been opened up as a result of the changing role of women in North American society. "For the first time women are involving themselves in politics—an activity that previously was a male prerogative," says Dr. Lawrence W. Dorn, director of the Center for Studies in Crime and Delinquency at Washington's National Institute of Mental Health. "There has also been a major change in our societal values of the role of women. They are no longer suppressing thoughts of aggression. As women have become more actively involved in the marketplace away from the home, there has been a tremendous increase in their self-esteem. The sharp distinctions between the male and female are becoming increasingly blurred. The male is becoming more like the female's partner." Between 1960 and 1973, the number of women arrested for serious crimes such as murder, robbery, assault and car theft increased more than 200% in

the U.S. During the same period male arrests went up 87%.

Dr. Marvin Wolfgang, research director for the 1969 Presidential Commission on Violence as more inclined to view President Ford's would-be assassin as "just another woman driven mad by the Crime in the Cities initiative" than as a woman who has been engaged in reaction formation. The reversal of middle-class values and attitudes learned earlier to benefit a political cause.

Dr. John M. Marston, president of the American Academy of Women, explains that most individuals who resort to violence react to the lonely, frustrated, and alienated. "Many of them suffer from feelings of anger and of inner fear. It is no greater authority symbol than a President of the United States." The women's protest, between 1960 and 1973, the number of women arrested for serious crimes such as murder, robbery, assault and car theft increased more than 200% in

REUTERS

ing is the University of California.

It wasn't a complete surprise to the agents when Wendy opened the back door of the frame "alfresco" where Party was arrested. When the agent burst into the apartment, the "goat" drove, Yoshimura jumped back and Party, behind her in the kitchen, set her pants out of sight. There was little doubt that Wendy had spent the last three years of her life trying to avoid living the way she spent her first three years in America.

A victim of Washington's custom that all Japanese-American live in internment camps during World War II, Wendy spent her childhood at the Minamur camp near California's central and western coast. Her father, Genji, was there. There are people around Berkeley and Oakland who believe that Wendy has played a larger role in the CIA story than has been learned from her. There were few clues that Miss Yoshimura would be a leading figure in the recent trials about Sobusha.

—KELAN GORDON

MOSCOW

Advantage U.S., Canada's nerve

Russian negotiators as well as American farmers are pleased to see the new, workable relief after imposing a total embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union in September. Washington sources announced that the Food Administration was prepared to let Russia buy between five and eight million tons of wheat and feed grains annually over the next five years.

Although the embargo was largely the result of American labor union pressure based on the fact that Soviet grain exports would result in higher domestic prices, Washington's negotiating strategy seemed to exhaust the movement's political and price advantage in a seller's market. They were clearly successful. By convincing the Soviets into negotiating a long-term purchase agreement, the Americans were ensuring that U.S. farmers would have a large, stable and profitable export market in the future. If the agreement is signed within the month as expected, Canada's traditional role as the Soviet Union's second largest supplier of grain could be seriously threatened.

It's no secret the agreement is the result of Moscow's desperate need for foreign grain. Russia's breadbasket, including the Volga Basin and the southwest European coastal seacoast, is drought-stricken, leading to a seasonal grain production shortfall of about 40 million tons. But the pending agreement will undoubtedly put the U.S. less in line for future sales, meaning that Canada could lose an assured market that it once absorbed about a third of the total Prairie crop.

Canadian farmers have come to rely on the Russian market. In 1972, Canada shipped a record \$150 million in Prairie wheat, and even in good crop years like Moscow has purchased four to five million tons from Ottawa. This year Canada has

already sold 3.55 million tons of grain to Russia, including two million tons of high-grade wheat. Any significant decline in wheat sales would all but wipe out the Russian-Canadian trade picture in the first six months of this year, sales accounted for \$40.4 million of total purchases of \$54.3 million from Russia. Ironically, Canada's present trade agreement with Russia doesn't even mention grain.

Despite the big losses involved for Canada, Ottawa can do little but watch and await developments of the Russia-U.S. negotiations. There are reports that Canadian officials aren't all that concerned. In fact, they think Canada has earned both respect and goodwill from Russian buyers. When Moscow signed its long-term trade agreement with Ottawa in 1966 for 112 million bushels a year over three years and couldn't absorb Canadian shipments due to a domestic glut, understanding Canadian officials agreed to hold off further deliveries. The Russians later repudiated that. Canada is also regarded as a reliable country in terms of meeting delivery schedules. Canada's other asset is the person of Garry Vogel, commissioner of the Canadian Wheat Board and Canada's chief trade negotiator. Aided by players from the burgeoning trade, Vogel delights in telling stories and exchanging jokes with the Russian counterparts, and has established a warm relationship with his Soviet contacts.

With current reports of a better than expected Prairie crop this year, Moscow is undoubtedly waiting to see if Ottawa's standards are prepared to talk about immediate grain sales. It might well be the propitious moment for Ottawa to introduce its own plan for a long-term grain contract as soon as the Americans head home.

—DEY M. KANAKA-GERRY WADE

LEBANON

The other, bloodier, holy war

They went to war in everything from stolen U.S. army surplus tanks and truck beds to flowered shirts and women's hats with Nixon insignias pinned on them.

By the time the guerrilla had cleared from Lebanon's hills of tens of thousands of soldiers, the war had become a war of attrition. It was a war of attrition, not of weapons—mortars, rockets, light field artillery and roadside mines—had been devastat-

ing. More than 2,000 shops, homes and office buildings in Beirut's once bustling commercial center had been reduced to mountains of bombed-out and burned rubble. By conservative estimates, the death toll in eight weeks of on-and-off warfare since April rose to more than 1,000—more than the total of nine years of sectarian strife in Northern Ireland.

Once again the score or more of private armies, commanded by Lebanon's rival Christian Maronite and Palestinian factions had agreed to another cease-fire imposed largely by the Kissinger-like shrewds and meddlings efforts of Syrian Foreign Minister Abdul Halim Khaddam. What gave the latest cease-fire a little more hope for peace than the two previous ones that preceded it was the announcement by Lebanon's Premier Rashid Karame that, for the first time, the leaders of the warring factions had agreed to sit on a National Reconciliation Committee to discuss the country. It implied a pledge by the radical left-wing Muslims led by Youssef Sakhat al-Khazri, who days earlier had slain 15,000—including 12,000 heavily armed Palestinian guerrillas—in a last open a dialogue with the right-wing Christians, including the so-called "Druze" Christians, and to defend it. It also meant that the PLO, led by Yasser Arafat, had agreed to sit on the committee, recognized by most but not all of the warring factions. It was a political and moral reform.

At stake is nothing less than the nation's political and economic stability. In 30-year-old Beirut, which is based on religious distinctions, guarantees Lebanon's Christian population a permanent majority, control of the armed forces and a Christian president. The warring Muslim population, bolstered by the arrival of some 250,000 Palestinian refugees, are demanding greater political power and a larger share of Lebanon's once flourishing economy.

But it takes more than a committee of reconciliation to restore an economy that has suffered losses estimated at one billion dollars in lost revenues from unemployment and looting. More important, Beirut's role as the financial hub of the Arab world has been severely shaken in foreign banks reconsider the risks of doing business here.

—MICHAEL DODD

Beirut: more people died in eight weeks than Ulster has claimed in nine years



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is a robust, dry red wine that has put Sommet Rouge in heavy demand wherever it is sold. Sommet Rouge. A Canadian wine with the European accent.



The hundred-million dollar club

HERE, ASSEMBLED FOR THE FIRST TIME, ARE CANADA'S 17 RICHEST MEN. THEY GET WHAT THEY WANT, WHEN THEY WANT IT

Their skin belongs to the afternoon sun. They hold common assumptions deeply that they communicate through raised eyebrows and shared glances. They view them. Tradition is a dangerous socialist, worship John Turner, and refer to Quebec suppression as "Réal Livestock's show." They breed horses and mid-airplane accidents, having mastered the trick of looking down into rooms and looking through them at the same time. They are the Canadian rich, the ones and women who realize that, no matter how often the politicians may proclaim that Canada's economic system produces a certain abundance for the many, it really is a certain wealth for the few.

The Establishment men are among the most envious of Canadians, with the climb and the mudmen constantly wanting their babies and their babies, trying to grab a little of their soap for themselves, like moths bringing softly against a Canadian flag, the signpost was attached to and kept every firm, the heart of the nation. For centuries made it into the music circle.

Most of Canada's rich families live in grand, sprawling mansions with white marble pillars, necks, book-lined studies, furnished games, and drawing rooms with walls and large windows. And on the side, Sherbrooke, the warmest, the best of the best, the best of the best, are very low-key with lots of old chairs, not much color sense, serious taste, walls decorated with endless variations on bloodless hunting scenes. They're usually interested in all things British and have usually met various royal households at the Morgans of Blenheim or at somebody else's country house. They still drink Malibu after dinner.

Their decisions evolve from the style of life they allow things to happen. Their lives are lived in a series of three-way pressure, so that all the pleasures and all the splendor are made to co-exist in order that they please, arbitrary matter of calculation. They feel entirely at home only in each other's company, where everyone has money and education. Conversation is graded, but accurately. They all know each other's children, now in their breeding

classes and taking over family firms. The eldest offspring is often dead but as "a decent chap," meaning that he may be none too bright but at least he hasn't turned out to be a rebel or anything unfortunate like that. "He's done his homework" is the ultimate accolade, "he's blessed his copybook" the ultimate insult.

What really separates the very rich from everyone else is the time frame in which they live. They seldom need to defer decisions. Their money gives them the authority to purchase the time and services of others—in bed, at the office, around the house. Because time is more precious (and much more expensive) than commodity than money, they place great emphasis on its expenditure. This leads the very rich to worship efficiency in all things, whether it's a new computer that will streamline their personal accounting systems or a gadget that will leave their swimming pools a little faster.

The very rich enjoy a surprisingly relaxed if highly stylized existence, one that touches only marginally the mainstream of Canadian life. They are insulated from the economic problems that can make the merely prosperous. Their desire of hunger to hang around a slightly more fast and sleek manner is a declining French trait.

These status symbols of wealth don't enjoy simple living. The problem is that having exceptional fortunes no longer guarantees much personal distinction. That's why the rich are so religiously class conscious. At no other level of society are class distinctions so minutely observed. In a wealthy society is allowed with the notion of keeping the purview at bay—those cigar chompers and hatched brothers in their silk suits and powdered hairnets, whose name that hangs out like a dirty shirt tag.

The difference that exists is between Old Rich and New Rich. Adherents of both groups give themselves away in all sorts of subtle ways—where they summer at water, how they decorate their houses and offices, what they wear, drive, and eat, where they marry and sleep in. What the New Rich can never quite grasp is that the same way of being excluded is to compare

possessions by spending the exact length of their Christmas, housing about their latest car, gadget, mistress, or French Impressionist painting, they betray a gauche insecurity the true Establishmentarian never feels.

New Money likes Cuddles with effigies of cabinet tape and tape on their own gullies, Old Money prefers Rolls Royces. Old Money follows the supermarket ads and knows when one of the latest cars are on special, New Money likes jewelry. Old Money prefers subdued shades of brown, New Money loves primary colors, offices with red walls and cigar lighters shaped like Model Ts (You want the spot instead of looking for a telephone version of The Japanese Dream). Old Money goes with affected shabbiness, making dragons, lost duck-hunting hats, and grandfather's walking stick.

New Money buys his wife a necklace made of rubies and gold to wear over a brocade dress with white cuffs, Old Money adores lapel orchids in the colors of his hair. Old Money in Europe seeks out neighborhood left-hand bends, enduring droughts and inferior food as an integral adventure. New Money flies to the Paris Hilton and orders the most expensive with the waiter. Old Money will produce the occasional gemstone of Children's Museum-Rotterdam 1929 without drawing attention to the fact that it costs \$8,000 a bottle. New Money boasts about his Tang Dynasty vase—the dealer wanted \$30,000 for it, but he got it for \$21,000. Old Money isn't worried as slightly retarded abroad boys, New Money (or even men) there by speaking broken French with the intensity of a Romance figure explaining the location of an arm's day. Old Money marries the right girl (and often marries well), New Money marries the wrong girl, marries her to perfection, and sends her to Hell Redline with a charge account.

Asking a rich how much money he's worth is a little like demanding which sex this is an excerpt from The Canadian Establishment Volume One by Peter C. Newman, being published November 1 by McClelland and Stewart.

Asking a rich how much money he's worth is a little like demanding which sex this is an excerpt from The Canadian Establishment Volume One by Peter C. Newman, being published November 1 by McClelland and Stewart.



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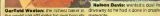
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Carole Taylor doesn't want to be perfect

SHE WAS THE PROM QUEEN WHO MARRIED THE PRINCE AND LIVED IN GOLDEN PLACES. THEN SHE RAN OFF WITH THE MAYOR OF VANCOUVER

By Marci McDonald



The handwriting is cramped and urgent, first pages of one long run-on sentence without periods or paragraph, a jotted impression piece.

Oh please Carole don't do this thing to yourself! You don't have to divorce yourself if you want to change that 'new thing' but to run off to a man that is your senior and has five children of his own and couldn't find happiness...

Carole Taylor holds the letter between long elegant fingers on which the Stanley Vaden nail polish has chipped and splintered. In the sixth square letter she has returned to a breath now. For the first of a second, her perfect porcelain features crumple in a wooded forest.

"Some of them give me the creeps," she says. "They go on and on about what I've gone wrong. I don't understand why

people think it's their right to write that kind of letter. I can't believe that people think they're that involved with me."

But in a country supposedly famed for its privacy, Carole Taylor's private struggle has leaked out over the television and into a nation's living rooms, danced flamboyantly across a small glass screen and told those tales of places they would never journey to and people they could never hope to meet. Involved already the world. She is a star. The previous article, Didn't Walter Crandall take one look at her interview with Margaret Trudeau and try to put her away to CBS, after all?

She starts out of the vest abyss of that electronic box and looks to far an eye on the world and its stories of scandal and atrocity and they always somehow seem more palatable coming from that smile which was leered in beauty pageants and department store catalogues. She runs off to want and prime ministerial studies, and a married dinner table from which to count heated dinnerware. In Carole Taylor's world or just a drama that led her lines by some cynical but honest and beyond the camera's eye. How you heard the latest in Carole Taylor's scandal? How a Carole Taylor wearing her hair like this?

An entire TV audience on her address for the year-end wrap-up on the state of the nation, but it's Ottawa's housewife, Rose Phillips poses the first question: "Miss Taylor, before we get to the answer, what do you think of I'm obliged to ask you what do you think of Carole's new husband?" "I love it," she says, "I'm married a married man," he gives the matter his full attention. "I love him, particularly on pretty women." The curtain cuts right and go on about in business. The Prime Minister Mrs. Carole's new husband.

It is as a politician that she is not so sure of. When the letter is known after five years that because of personal pressures



Sweethearts of the Seventies: laughing in the Vancouver rain, Carole Taylor and Art Phillips, rich, beautiful and liberated—and discovering that it's harder the second time around

she wanted to get away from Toronto and had every intention of leaving from its Sunday night public affairs program, the network went into a panic. In a series of busy behind-the-scenes meetings, CTV worked out a plan that is unprecedented in this country's media history: installed a tele in her Vancouver apartment, assigned a Toronto producer to act as her full-time liaison and agreed to fly her in first-class each weekend at \$480, a round trip to not in sole hand of the show. "She's a star," says CTV public affairs chief Tom Gould. "You make concessions for stars."

Still there are the downsizing votes. The grapes that star. The lesson of private attack then riddle in. She worries with the commission, "the husband problem" as she calls it. "I don't mind my work being high profile, but I'm really a very private person." The husband she has been together

from for nearly two years differs on the matter. "What Carole thinks is private and I think is private and I couldn't do the same thing." Even now in the haven of her Vancouver condominium, the "husband problem" is personalized, a personal with pen and newspaper posed. They both know that sooner or later the inevitable question about Art Phillips, the mayor of Vancouver, will be asked.

"I have to play it straight," she says, finally. "I can't live like a hippie."

The three-story white stone condominium square on a rugged street that slopes up from the Pacific. A parking lot the black fountain would choke. Out from a black banner above the door. No sign of a media queen in residence here. The world that's least as a quietly furnished, its character still open, undecoded a delicate distance from the perfect Toronto showplace, color, color-coordinated by a hand decorator that she sold and moved out of two months ago the furniture of another life all left behind. She sits up on a leather rug-covered couch

in bare feet and blue jeans, a cigarette spouting from the imperfect nail polish. In Yves St. Laurent wear over the fingerless gloves — another departure from 29 years lived as an ad for perfect peace. She looks perfectly composed of course.

She talks about the way the network rearranged itself for her, still "I started I couldn't believe it," she says. But even then she hesitated, would find herself awake at 4 a.m. doing the washing, unable to make up her mind. The Big Apple had never really tempted. Even when Cooke himself phoned with a job offer at three famous literary scratch-and-scratch times, she never made the time to fly down. She made her regrets. "New York was just something I could cope with as a place to bring up a three-year-old," she says. She had never suggested the reworking to the network, which I think that wanted to stay in TV. "I've never had any ambition or goals," she says. "I've never gone after anything, never planned for anything."

Carole Taylor had never even planned to be perfect. Like everything else, it just came to her. High-school friends making

her toward a tree, uninvited, uninvited. Modeling showed up a day, contrary to thought. The Sweetheart of Metro Toronto Mrs. United Appeal. Miss Toronto. She cooked the meal, she got straight A's, she saved her dying mother through three heart operations and went to church on Sunday, and one morning at 17 she woke up the son of a far more famous Johnny R. Basser's vehicle. After five months with her own daily after-school TV show, beside Golden Lightbulb — an on-air acceptance put it, "the absolute perfect teen-ager."

Ten years later when she won the coveted beauty spot on CTV's popular Canada A.M. magazine were taking the perfect marriage to her college sweetheart, Bryce Taylor, the great golden quarter back of the University of Toronto. Then who gave up a pro career for the magazine's wedding—a wedding written up as "a modern fairy tale come true." They catalogued the perfect blond was, the perfect smile, honest, complete with her perfect job, and all while the stories seemed to begin. "Once upon a time."

But inside the perfect fairy tale the



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centre was not holding. There were Gothic overtones. A walk into Canada's new, but old-fashioned Perry Saltpetre, built into the city's old and had a sense of historical respect for it. For the next six months Perry and Carle would see to it that the centre was by the side of each church and at the very heart of the city. There were rumors that the wife, Rose, sat at home with a newspaper taking her long the less defined on Carle's Taylor. "He just absolutely hated me," she says. That spring the school put out the information distributed with her performance—they were transferring her to say the least, she'd recently quit. When Tom Gould called her to the Sunday night show, one of its then producers had been unfazed by the news she'd generated and promised, "What are you going to do next on-air?"

In coincidence, the week after the left, An Phillips was invited to be a guest host on Canada's 41.

"We knew Carle as a performer," says an executive producer Don Cameron. "What we wanted to do was put some rough edges on her. We certainly didn't want a sweet beautiful model on the air." He despised her for engaging Carle with out the slightest hint of how to gain an edge. "But she got in as fast as any of the American networks did." Then he saw her to her own Israel. And she came back a different person.

"I had only seen dead people in funeral parlors before," she says. "I'd never seen them lying in dirt and dirt with arms blown off one head still holding playing cards. We were in the Synagogue and there were several tents sitting in the sun and the stench of death was unbearable. I was doing an interview with an Israeli soldier on camera and suddenly everybody screamed 'Mitzvah!' Suddenly we were being visited. And that's got to do something to your head." Later, driving back into the city, she remembers a magnificent sunset over the wasteland of gore and horror the scenes of a massacre over the car radio. "And the constant just coming in on me. I knew one of those measures you hear things. I don't want it to sound superficial but I came back and cleaned out my life."

That January Bryce Taylor left for a year's surgical research in England, and the perfect couple celebrated Christmas by selling their first house that the marriage was over. "It was years later," she says.

In a way it's a personal journey that half a generation of women has made in the last decade. "I had never asked myself if I wanted to get married," she says. "It was what I'd been accustomed to do. There's a point at which you're desperately to make it work. But there were never any years. No career. My career. The fact that we never had time together. The depression and the years. I had everything society said should make me happy but I was so lonely." She started reading. Gerson and Gerson and Simone de Beauvoir. "Slowly I

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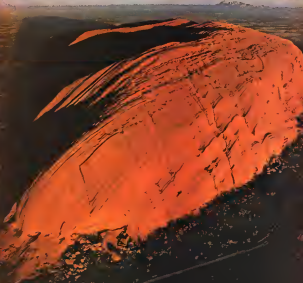
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looked at his left, the perfect knee-maker. I worked all day, but at night I cooked, I cleaned, I did the washing, I got incredible perks for 40 And I like big parties." Commonly surrounded by people, she could not think of a single friend. Friendship, after all, takes root in the soil of shared experiences, and who else had ever been as perfect as Carole Taylor?

The Absolute Perfect Ten-year will be 30 next month. Gray hairs are the perfect frontier. Now she tells a panel of women that the whole notion of her life is glimmers and lines of the past that are working together at "that." A newspaper photo from her first flaming moment in laughter with Art Phillips is a gala dinner, across her face a perfect smug of an enigmatic romance. Let us perceive "It was a joke," says the friend who borrowed it from "But it was a joke on them. Carole was saying, 'I don't want to be anybody's wife any more'."

It was hardly surprising them that a year ago she should find herself on the same modestly paneled Ottawa wall talking to another beautiful, young, troubled woman who, as she said in her first touching introduction, "found what was expected of her was quite simple to be perfect." Carole Taylor, whose the single best friend, even sought the interview on her own, writing a personal letter to Margaret Trudeau on her private stationery that somehow—she still does not know how—found its way to the lady's dressing table. "I went after the interview because of the difficulties I was having at the time," she admits.

Some critics say she was too soft with Margaret Trudeau. Too tough with Air Canada president Yves Fassin. There are critics who say she is too pensive, public, and that she is too concerned. She sits on the scene and the mood slips from the matter. The eye skews over the fine china skin, the exquisite almost eyes, the doll like moments emerging from puffed cheeks. "Let's face it," says a friend, "Carole's plagued by a gentle, 'I am' but the pretty face waxes off what the world finds with a philosophical smile.

"In the last year I think I've done two things I don't want to do," she says. "First, to be a mother and second, to be a whole lot of things. But I know now I can't go back. I know I have to say what I think."

As the champagne well off at the end of an interview, another man across the desk. Trudeau asked her to come to the White House office, then to the Liberal in the last election, lighting for the entrenched Toronto seat of Conservative finance officer James Goffin. She toyed with the offer, then it dawned. But she left the fact that she was not to be the first woman of the Liberals that she would run again, but because of the race, Trudeau said. "And that's when the rumors started," she says.

The first time she heard her name coupled romantically with the Prime Man-

ner's she laughed. "Then I started hearing it from everybody. I didn't know what to do. You can't deny it, because for one thing you may be spreading it. For another, who believes you? I wanted to ask Prime: what to do about it, but I was never alone with him to talk about it. And I didn't want to phone and leave my name in his office, because it would just confirm it. It became very dirty and crame."

Through all this time, she says, she sat at home nights with her three-year-old son Christopher and her 17-month-old son, every day. Taylor Moore drove. For nearly a year I didn't date. It was a time of a lot of thinking, some between that strength too. There honestly was a time I said, "Maybe I'll never meet anybody. Maybe I'll just have to get used to spending the rest of my life alone."

The late-day sun is shifting through the



Beautiful Women, talking to all the right things, taking life on their terms, creating of their time.

corates new shades of gold and Christopher, an energetic blond window with his mother's features, is crawling up from the floor where he has been drawing happy and sad faces and they tumble on the couch together, shrieking and giggling. Suddenly the front door opens. The still less rest lying in from the hallway has already called twice that afternoon. "Marg Art Phillips, the mayor of Vancouver," she says.

The city hall of Canada's third-largest metropolis is a triumph of Thorne Art. A swirl of thick of granite and steel beams built like a great ship's bridge on a day of torned ground. On a clear day, from the vast millennia brown ballroom that is the mayor's office, you can see the ocean and the distant sea of controversial highways beyond. Carole Taylor comes to

interview Art Phillips here about his transformation views not quite a year ago—his interview that he had not been looking forward to. It was scheduled for 8 a.m., and besides he had never heard of this Carole Taylor. "My wife was very critical," he says, "I had to ask someone to the office who she was."

Between whom they talked, though, and he was knocked out by her warmth and intelligence. "We clicked right off," he says. That afternoon he called to ask her for coffee, but she had already left. Although the interview was never shown and was filed somewhere in city's library, she was impressed enough with the subject to ask a friend to look at it. "See what you think of her," she said. Weeks later, when she was in Vancouver again for a story on health, they bumped into each other on a hotel hallway and he asked her to the Grey Cup dinner the next night. She worried that she didn't have anything to wear, but she went anyway. On their second date he took her to a restaurant called Le Bonheur where they can see Vancouver columnist Jack Womack. The next morning it was a public contest.

By then Art Phillips had no doubt who Carole Taylor was. He'd gone to the public library and found stories on Miss Perfect, which he still reads to her about that, as he says, "I am often accused of the same thing." At six feet-four he is the sort of man who dominates rooms and moves easily among strangers, relaxed, affable, trailing the self-insurance learned only in a CIBC basketball arena and the president of his country. By the time he was 20, he had sold the All-Canadian motor fund he started straight out of college for Power Corporation and was a self-made millionaire. Now, at 45, he still spends half a day a week at his investment management company, Phillips, Hager & North Ltd., which currently handles \$250 million in assets, most of them pension funds. It is no secret that his \$25,000,000 story is mostly under money. The last thing he did of his was abandon the original business and he was moved in his own while Dallas sports job, under of the spotlight, prove to drop up as Captain Vancouver or the last time spent half a day in his room, his map of sand-gray hair perfectly coiffed. Indeed, it is his sweetest wife's favorite cup than Art Phillips always looks like a hair spray ad.

In 1972, when he swept into power on a million vote, over by-election, Mayor Tom "Tron" Campbell, a white knight in floor of fresh air and great gas, there was no doubt that it was due in part to his image. His campaign that November had leaned heavily on tv advertising from his debut in the city as a walking, talking, with his wife, Fatty, and their five children. Two months later, after he took office, he discreetly moved out of the big family house and into the bachelor's penthouse that he kept to this day in a high-rise across from city hall. Separate papers were



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did soon after, and he was soon doing a black woman named Kathy Greer whom he had helped on a pua a drama boutique. It did not seem to affect his reduction though, and now Art Phillips is carefree about the talk over Carole Taylor. "I don't give a damn," he says.

His team has had its share of controversy. While he has been known for getting the city, saving the Orpheum Theatre and installing a gymnasium, there is now a severe split within his civic party: constant supporters bitterly accusing him of being pro-development and ignoring the city's desperate low-income housing needs. "Mayor Philipp-Philipp" they call him.

Still he looks like a clown-in for reelection. He also makes no secret of his interest in a federal Liberal seat. "But unless I thought I could get a cabinet seat I would not run," he says. "I'd like to be finance minister!" Observers see him as a likely corner politician in the mold of Kennedy who in fact is his only political hero. His critics used to say that all he needed was a Jackie O. and now they swap over the perfect manner. "He Ken and Barbie both of Canada" as one reviewer laments. "The merger of two pretty faces."

For there is something about Art Phillips and Carole Taylor that inspires public discourse. They bicycle through Stanley Park together on a rainy Sunday and it is in their evening out of a costume by F. Scott Fitzgerald. They walk a solitary beach hand in hand in the rain and for them all things seem possible. Bright, beautiful, he believes in all the right things, taking life on their own terms, they are golden-eyed ones of their time. Two years ago a politician would never have asked the odds of such a romance—and, says art producer Jack McLow, a network would never have made it. Now when people talk of them, one phrase over well-known of a Pacific Canoeist.

"They do not talk of marriage yet. 'We're not in a position to,' she says. 'We're just taking it moment to moment. I never ever will go back to the traditional definition of wife—someone who keeps the home and makes all the meals. But I'm not writing off the institution because my own marriage didn't work.' He put no pressure on her to move. 'He didn't say a word, not a word,' she says. 'But I've had such good times since I came out. You know, it's so bad you miss some of the carter spent when you're young. And maybe that's what I'm working toward now. It's one thing about Art. He's so optimistic and energetic and handsome. I suppose he restores my faith in people. But not to flatter to think you have to wait till you're almost 30 to learn to laugh!"

There is only one thing now that worries Carole Taylor. "That people will talk about the relationship like they did the last one. That it's perfect. Fairy tale. Happily-ever-after. I'm tired of perfect. Perfect was never there." ☺

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The bank that broke its word

TO GET ITS CHARTER, UNITY PROMISED GREAT NEW THINGS IN BANKING. NOW HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...

By Walter Stewart

Benjamin V. Leventer is short and dark and round. He talks rapidly, with soft gestures. Enthusiasm bubbles out of him, an unquipped wit. Everybody calls him "Benny," and some of his colleagues, respectfully, do not like him intensely. "How Benny," they say and laugh. Or like "How you met Benny yet?" He's a character. Benny went to Upper Canada College and married the granddaughter of an early editor of the Toronto Globe. His father, Judah Leventer, was a prominent Toronto lawyer. Benny and Judah have farms right across from each other near Maple, 25 miles north of Toronto. Benny was always very much at his father's shadow, as well as his law firm, until he got the terrible idea of starting a bank.

Richard Higgins is tall and bland and slender, a handsome man who could make a living posing for *Amor* shirt ads. He's a great father, too, but more reserved, more careful. Some people call him "Boch," but mostly it's "Mr. Higgins," and everybody agrees he is a "bitter onion," a "tough egg," a "real up-and-comer." At 40, he is nine years younger than Benny, but he doesn't live in anybody's shadow. He fathered six children in a somewhat in Vancouver, and he grew up on a houseboat. He made it on his own, with good marks—and expensive athletic promise—as the University of British Columbia, then a banking career that rose like a rocket. In 10 years, he went from trainee at the Bank of Nova Scotia to president of Benny Leventer's new bank.

Benny and Higgins are yoked together like a bullock and a cart, by the Unity Bank of Canada. They do not get along, although Benny says they do, and that is not surprising. What is surprising is that the bank hasn't gotten along very well, either, and its troubles reveal an interesting weakness in the chartering system for Canadian banks. At this very moment two new charters are going through the end in Ottawa (another has just gone through in record time), work has begun on revisions to the Bank Act, due in 1977, and the government is proposing a new

law—Bill C-7—that would change the present, complex chartering system, allow banks to be launched by letters patent, and make it easier for them to go into business. The Unity bank experience argues that this may be exactly the wrong thing to do. It suggests that there is not enough care taken over the launching of banks, that the safeguards that are supposed to be in place around the chartering of banks are largely illusory.

Unity was born in the brain of Benny Leventer in his farmhouse one night during

his new—and perfectly valid—approach which he gradually refined until he was proposing parliament a new bank based on four objectives: 1) It would involve Canadians "of many ethnic origins in every facet of its affairs." 2) No individual or group would be allowed to dominate it to this end, the bank's bylaws provided that no shareholder could vote more than



Leventer makes his "motherhood" pitch to the banking committee

the fall of 1970. His wife had returned from a dinner meeting addressed by former federal finance minister Walter Gordon, at which Gordon had launched the idea that Jews do not play a more active role in Canadian banking. Benny, a Jew, forthwith decided to launch his own bank aimed at the "ethnic" communities in Canada—not only Jews but Ukrainians, Poles, Chinese, and other minorities who frequently face difficulties getting credit and services from a Wop-dominated financial structure. Benny promised a lot of publicity with

2.5% of the stock, even if he owned more. 3) There would be "mutual social commitment" to develop underdeveloped areas of Canada and "a certain percentage of the deposits on a basis (would) be set aside for that area's development." 4) There would be regional control, with "mini-boards" in each region to guide the bank. It was estimated, of course, that all this would be accompanied by healthy profitability.

There are no mini-boards, and no regional allocation of deposits: the 2.5% rule has been junked for a 5% rule, 47 of the

bank's 53 branches are at the heart of the ethnic areas in the underdeveloped areas called Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg, and the bank's "ethnic" content has come down to the promise of two Jews, one Italian and one Pole on the 12-member board of directors, surrounded by the usual complement of English and French.

George Mann, chairman of Unity's executive committee, says the original aims "were not concocted. You start out with one goal and when it is proven that this concept doesn't work, you change." David Matthews, the general manager, says "After a time, a bank begins to look like a bank." Richard Higgins, the president, says: "The concept the charter was obtained under was an ethnic bank. I think the bylaws did it helped get the charter. But he adds: "That was his [Leventer's] idea, not mine."

It appears that what a group says while applying for a charter and what it does afterward need have nothing to do with each other. 1) Perhaps in the case of the Inspector General of Banks. "Once they get their charter," he said, "the Bank Act becomes the law under which they operate and the only follow-up is the Bank Act." Then, meeting in the Bank Act schoolhouse, banks or regional control or bi-national development, so there is nothing to say that Unity or any other bank must pay the slightest heed to its promises, commitments and undertakings before parliament writes the enabling legislation. The process, as a purely creative act, is a charade.

For people understood that, of course, when Unity was being chartered. It was a bank that stood foursquare for positive values, indeed, when a witness for the bank was being roughly cross-examined before the Senate banking committee, a friendly Senator who opened "motherhood" to him, and the witness made a rousing speech about all the fine things the bank intended to do. The cross-examination ended.

Benny had no trouble finding political friends for his Motherhood bank. The most important of these was Gordon Dryden, former governor of the Liberal Party of Canada, partner in Leventer's law firm, and now general counsel to the bank. Dryden saw the bank charter through parliament. It was obtained in six months, while the Bank of Western Canada took more than two years. That swift passage was aided by Liberal MP Stanley Harkin, James Jerome (now the House Speaker) and Robert Kaplan (he was chairman of the House Standing Committee on Finance, and he suggested the name "Unity" after Unani. Trust obedient to the original label: "United Bank").

During the chartering process there was a lot of interest in the man who would become president of the bank-to-be. Higgins was never named because he had not yet resigned officially from his old post as Managing Director of the Bank of Mon-

real, Behn Meyer and Caribou. Benny Leventer described him before the Senate banking committee as "a senior Canadian banker." Later, before the House of Commons Standing Committee on Finance, Benny promised his protégé to "a very, very senior official in the Canadian banking system." W. A. Scott, then Inspector General of Banks (he has since retired) was asked before the Senate committee whether the president-to-be was "a man of banking experience and integrity" and he replied: "I have no reason to doubt that." He said much the same thing before the Commons committee.

In fact Higgins was not, in banking terms, very senior at all, and Scott had no reason to doubt his ability and integrity merely because he interviewed Higgins only once. (Had the Inspector General

conducted a thorough check with Higgins' former employers, the Bank of Montreal, he would have received what an official of that bank calls "a red card" and he would have heard about "a concern about the suitability of a man like Richard Higgins being in the president of a bank.") After leaving the University of British Columbia in 1962, Higgins joined the Bank of Nova Scotia and began a crash upward climb. In 1965, he went to the West Indies as an assistant branch manager at Trinidad, in 1966, he got his own branch to manage in St. Lucia, in 1968 he returned to Toronto as deputy manager of the bank's international banking division. A year later, he shifted to the Bank of Montreal, and was promoted to the West Indies as managing director of that bank's new subsidiaries in the area. In June, 1971, Toronto



Despite having interviewed him only once, Scott gave Higgins a glowing report

investor Richard Bern met Higgins in Nassau, and they got talking about the new bank that was to be launched by Bern's friend Benny Lewanter. Higgins liked the sound of it, and Bern liked Higgins, so the two men decided that Benny Lewanter flew down, interviewed Higgins, liked him, and offered him a five-year contract as Usty's president. At that time, Higgins had been in the banking business some years. It was an industry that cloaked its executives by the decade and paid its directors for 40-year terms, he was barely ripe.

Nevertheless, the starter was granted, and a lecture issued by the bank's chief. The major task of the bank's political friends was completed. Now it was up to the financial friends. The most important of these was Dennis Dwyer of Montreal. It was Dwyer's firm, Charrie Leonard, that worked out the way to raise money for the bank.

To get money you have to have a story that a banker's first law. If you don't happen to have a barrelful of your business—and most of Usty's founders did—then you've got it to go to the stock market, issuing shares and asking the public to buy. This sounds simple, but it isn't. It is painful on an underwriter. The underwriter's role is crucial: to let who places the shares on the market, through brokers. The fledgling underwriter and the underwriter agree on a fair value for the shares, and the underwriter promises to turn over a cheque containing the shares to the company (this "underwriting" term). Thus the underwriter sells the shares to the buyers, and they sell them to a numerous public. That's the story. But what if the public is not interested?

Underwriters tend to be a scratchy lot, given to gloom and conservatism. They were right on Benny's offer to bank, and one of them told Dennis Dwyer, the financial strategist, "Your bank appears a job in default town." The annual underwriting report wouldn't work, so Dwyer decided to reverse the story. Usty should mount a public relations campaign. Customers should hear their story to the brokers demanding stock as the new venture. The brokers would pass the word to the underwriters and the word would be broadcast.

This was done. Some outsiders of the bank-to-be announced the company making speeches about regional control and characteristics in what one of them called "our dog-and-pony" show, and soon the investment was going on as the stockists and crying out for Usty shares. Before long underwriters who had collapsed in hysteria when first approached were negotiating with the bank. In all, offers from four underwriting firms came in. Finally, the Toronto firm of Gardner and Company—on a firm basis, but it is possible only—got the job and became the prime underwriter. Included by the prime price Wood Cleary and a clump of other firms in their position. This group undertook to distribute three million shares of



BUNNY, THE MAN WITH THE ORIGINAL IDEA, WAS DOWN-GRADED AND EASED OUT AS CHAIRMAN

Usty stock at \$9.25 each. It would take a commission of 62 cents a share, or \$1,860,000 and turn over \$5,940,000 to Usty on October 18, 1972.

But all did not go well. The Usty story offering, framed in happier days, but the market in the fall of 1972, when the economic climate was uncertain and when a spate of other offerings were on withdrawal for investment dollars. Then a Japanese firm that had been angling for a large chunk of the stock found out that it couldn't raise more than 2.5% and withdrew its offer. The stock slipped to \$9.25, but some planned stock sale dollars on its way to eight, then seven (it got as low as \$2.75 and now hovers around four).

The underwriters were left with what the trade calls a "large mess," nearly \$60,000,000 worth of shares. The price was not told about these unadvised shares. Gardner and Company sent out a received letter on December 3, 1972 that purported to prove that Usty shares were worth \$11.10—way above their then market value. The company did not put out its opinion on Usty's bookkeeping, nor did it mention the unadvised shares. The rumour was quickly cleared off the market and the underwriters, unable having that tip, turned out the required \$29.9 and on to Usty. Then on August 1973, 181,000 shares—the bulk of the mess—were sold to Unisnap, a company controlled by George Mason, then president of United Trust. The 3.5% voting rate was charged 40 to 50 and Mason became, at a stroke, the dominant shareholder of Usty. (He bought his shares for \$1.30 each, about

30 cents above the market.) This stock, Mason didn't help Gardner and Company, which later dropped out and into the mire of a new firm, and only Usty's for people who bought shares at \$9.25, and it was a terrible disappointment to the bank's founders—Benny and his friends.

They had reasonable expectations of making a killing out of a wreck in the bank. The fact that they got up and intending to set up a bank to prove its seriousness by "underwriting" for at least one million dollars in shares: half of this must be raised in cash and turned over to the Minister of Finance (this is the report). But the law also allows shares to be subscribed—that is, ordered, but not necessarily bought—for 10% down, as long as the \$380,000 in cash is forthcoming. In Usty's case the founding subscribers promised to buy \$3,310,000 worth of shares, and they put up \$570,000 in cash (most of this, in fact, was borrowed from the Toronto-Dominion Bank). Many of the subscribers only put up a nominal 10%. The subscribed shares were to be bought at \$1.63 each—99.35 less the underwriting commission. If the stock sale gave well, the founders would have cleared three or four dollars for every 16 cents invested (if a subscriber put up 10%, he was turning 66 cents per share). Higgins, for example, putting up \$10,000, for \$500,000 in shares, would have made \$140,100 within a few weeks if the stock had hit the \$11.10 figure. Gardner and Company was tight. This consideration was high on the list of the founders' priorities. At early board meetings, one director blurted indignantly: "All I want is a fair \$100,000."

When the stock soon dried, the price crashed. In 1974, the founders announced to buy, for \$5.63 a share, stock worth less than half that. If they failed their subscribers, they will lose money. In fact, Higgins told me, "If you were to call it, I couldn't pay it." So, only two subscribers put up in full—Gordon Dwyer, the general counsel, and Robert Fane, a company controlled by Charrie Leonard, the original financial counsel. Maxwell Kesteven, a lawyer and Usty stockholder, contends the founders are getting "a fair deal" and that "if ordinary stockholders had known about this deal, they would not have bought the stock." Higgins says the talk of a fair deal is nonsense. The founders were only required to provide one million dollars and to put up \$300,000 and any one over these figures is paid "a member's share." Perhaps, but the fact is that had the stock gone up as the founders expected it to do, they would have cleared up. And so, they are sitting on a pile of unmet promises. Only the Board of Directors can call the shareholders, and the board has always been dominated by the people who owe the money, so the chances of a solid subscription call may be remote.

Usty has other problems besides its stock arrangements. In 1973 Usty cancelled its supply. After asserting that it

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would establish five new branches that year, it opened 36. Consequently, and a projected 1974 profit became inflated to \$52.25. These three men had lots of problems. The bank had lost some \$1.5 million to reject debtors' mortgages that never were collected. Some of these resulted from hiring some incompetent or inexperienced managers. A company reader says one of them was "a bit odd and drunk." There were management problems, too. The general manager, Eason L. Kest, quit to work for the Department of Finance in Ottawa. He wouldn't tell why. He said he was a civil servant now and wanted to stay out of "dirty money." The Assistant General Manager, Marketing, left, and so did a number of others, one of whom told me: "All I can say is that from an impression that previously was supposed to be employing professionals they acted very incompetently and on defiance of the rules of banking."

In the face of all these troubles, Unity continued its promises, quietly dropped the notion of regional banking, dismissed the bankers' notion that it would be an ethnic bank ("I always regarded that as a joke," says Higgins, as much for the bank's name of *Unity*) and is becoming a bank like any other.

And Kenney? Well, Kenney, the original founder, is no longer chairman. He was eased out just before the last annual meeting of shareholders. Higgins says that he and Kenney quarreled over such matters as the appointment of the bank's ex-vice (Higgins fired Kenney's choice), the role of Kenney's father as the bank's chairman (Kenney's father was the bank's chairman) didn't want to be there, and whether it was appropriate for Kenney to print cards calling himself "Founding Chairman" of *Unity*, and to go out seeking business with them (Higgins thought this was not). Higgins won all these disputes, but at some cost to the shareholders: Kenney took two annual meetings on public occasions. Kenney told the shareholders that he was resigning, and because his task was finished and the bank would flourish, he was replaced by Dr. Gerald Laskin (a founding subscriber of *Unity*, he put up \$35,000 on shares of \$315,000).

Unity will survive. In today's financial climate, it is a hard job for a bank to lose money. Kenney's financial results for 1973 (the bank reported a \$51,000 profit for the latest three-month period). Presumably some of the other problems will disappear as the company grows. Just the same, the *Unity* story has not been a happy one. The man with the original idea—Kenney—has been downgraded, the underwriter that took the big chance—Gardner and Galt—has been so organized, and of all the people who were prominent in the start only one—Higgins—remains conspicuous. Of greater significance in Canada, however, is the fact that *Unity* is not the bank that was described before publication, it is not doing what it set out to do, and nobody in charge appears either to know or to care. ☐

Tricky Dick or Righteous Richard?

In April, 1971, while he was still managing director of the Bank of Montreal, the human and Caribbean, Richard Higgins made a deal with a colorful Australian entrepreneur named Richard Kenney, whom he had met at a cocktail party in Nassau. Kenney was to build a branch of the bank in Grand Cayman, a British crown colony and tax haven about 180 miles northwest of Jamaica. Through a lending company, Kenney was to buy land and erect a building. The bank would put up the money for the deal.



Higgins: no hard negotiator at all of it

Kenney didn't get along with the entire \$500,000. The bank got the land he had purchased in Grand Cayman and a house he owned in Nassau. Higgins moved into the Nassau house, and began to structure a new deal much like the old one.

On April 5, 1972—when he knew he would be leaving the Bank of Montreal for *Unity Bank*—Higgins agreed three documents constituting a contract with Richard Wharton, a developer from Miami Beach, Ontario, who was, and remains, his close personal friend. First, on behalf of the bank, Higgins sold the land owned by Kenney to First Realty Limited, a company registered by Wharton in Grand Cayman; the price was \$180,000. Then, the bank took a mortgage debenture from First Realty under which First Realty could draw up to \$750,000. Finally, the bank agreed to lease 7,000 square feet on the first floor of this building (plus some parking space) at \$16 per square foot per annum for 15 years. In short, the bank would provide the land and the money for a building that would belong to Wharton, the former bank part of

then building for \$112,000 a year, or \$3,660,000 over the term of the lease. If he could keep his total cost below \$750,000, Wharton could close up with out spending a dime; the lease would pay the loan, and the rest of the three-story building's rent would be gravy. The day after he signed that deal, Higgins resigned from the Bank of Montreal. He knew nothing of the arrangements in Grand Cayman, but it did suspect that there was something amiss. Charles Ginn, secretary of the Bahamas bank, said Richard Pearce, an assistant manager, had been abruptly transferred to Montreal at Higgins' behest. They mentioned the Grand Cayman deal to officials in the mother bank, but nothing was done until after Higgins' sudden resignation. Soon after Ginn and William Noble, director of legal and taxation services for the bank, were on a plane south, and what they found sent them scurrying to Peter Stoddley, then executive vice-president of international banking.

Stoddley called the developer, Wharton, to Montreal, and killed the deal. On November 29, 1972, the bank bought its land back from Wharton for \$500,000, and built its own building, with the developer's wife reduced to a small contract to construct construction. The bank was angry at Higgins over the deal, and refused to

Higgins gave us two sets of reasons for his behavior, in two separate interviews. In the first place, he said he had made "the best deal I could get at the time." After the Kenney fiasco, he had heard Wharton because he knew the latter had Caribbean building experience and could be trusted. He saw no significance in the fact that the contract was signed the day before he resigned, but admitted "an intuition" that it might have been better not to commit the bank for 15 years and then leave.

Six days after this interview, Higgins asked for another, "to clarify certain points." He had been talking to Wharton and discovered—as I had—that Wharton had never done any banking in the West Indies. He had also remembered that the deal was not so hot for the bank, after all, both as a lender and as a borrower, but his resignation was accepted so abruptly—the day it was finalized—that he could not.

Bob Wharton became one of the founding subscribers of *Unity Bank*, and signed up for \$150,000 and paid \$50,000. He also helped the bank enter on its first branch location, in Montserrat, and built in St. Catharines, Ont., branch. He related an interview about the Grand Cayman deal. He would only answer a few telephone questions and say, "As far as I'm concerned, there were no unusual circumstances to it, although there were circumstances."

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Bill 22: despite the furor, nobody's heading for the Plains of Abraham

Column by Glen Allen

Bill 22 is just a little step of a thing, no bigger than a pamphlet tourist brochure. But for a few uneasy days last month it turned neighbour against neighbour, made life a nightmare for many immigrant families and soured the frail civility between French and English to the point where Montreal could have been a candidate for a Berlin without borders.

The Official Language Act is one of the many pieces of Quebec legislation that seem to have a life of their own, becoming breathing persons in the province's often unresolving political scene — paper upon paper, on and on through their years, until in age and dotage, weary and gleaming, camping or donning the body politics of other good intentions have outlived him.

Under Bill 22, French will now be the ordinary language of communication within the civil service and in business. It decides that signs and labels and even publicists' placards — though the government may now break some of these most forceful applications of the law — must carry French translations. It also decrees the children of immigrants whose first language is not English into French schools.

Bill 22, or something like Bill 22, was a long time coming and it was inevitable. Quebec leaders since the days of Desjardins and before had talked of "doing something" to safeguard Quebec's French heritage, threatened and was by the sea of Englishmen encroaching. Despite the flying progress Quebec society had made since the early 1960s, the progress was still not good. Close to 90% of immigrant parents and many French parents had been sending their kids to English schools and there was sound evidence that before long, Montreal, Quebec's second city, would be half-English. In business 75% of middle and upper management jobs were still held by English, even though Quebec was 95% French speaking.

The people most affected by Bill 22 were the immigrants. When their children registered for school this year, those who wanted to attend English classes had, under Bill 22, to be tested. Only those who could show they spoke English would find room in English classrooms.

But then came Bill 22's Civil 22, the Department of Education, headed into last last month by Jean Charest, a man who has long argued that immigrant children should not have a choice of schools (a choice they have nowhere in Canada but New Brunswick), could veto the enrollment of immigrant children in

English classes, even if they passed the tests, when it judged the school district involved was getting "too English." The department was full of howlers as the responsibility of St. Leonard, a Montreal suburb where seven years ago Italian immigrants had taken to the streets over the same issue. Parents of about 200 St. Leonard children who had passed the tests were told by the governing *Revue Le Royer* School Commission they had to go to French schools; the English quota had been met.

It was then the fireworks began. Montreal radio station *CHYR*, a middle-of-the-road station whose airwaves run to baseball broadcasts and coffee-hour broadcasts, asked listeners to petition Prime Minister Trudeau and Premier Bourassa to repeal Bill 22.

Bill 22 has in itself brought nothing different from better than the best of the



Sprague in a Quebecer de l'élite grand

most schooling. The bill gives no money power to functionaries — people not answerable to the electorate. Its arbitrariness puts clearly earlier in others. The government may be ready enough to show its face head to arms and the children, but when comes to enforcing the use of French in business you can bet that hand will be waving a velvet glove. And testing children of five years of age to a debonair province. As Mario Caron, a St. Leonard district councillor whose five-year-old son Dana was tested, said, "He didn't know what was going on. He's shy in the first place, so how could he do his test?"

But CFCF's chief line host John Robertson and Liberal Member of the National Assembly George Sprague, the province's strongest conservative, were taken out of Bill 22, not just the classes affecting im-

migrants. They were, as one Parti Québécois observer rightly put it, "made to fight to the last ditch." For many English Quebecers the position was what they were waiting for and they signed heroically. They took it down to down and they took it around offices. You could see little girls signing up their last names and for all anybody knew the lines were going up the line. The signature passed 300,000, the law knew grow better and giddy with triumph, the nation's still seemed to forget themselves. Sprague compared Quebec to Hitler's Germany. Someone else took to playing *My Sister Sam*.

Three French-language newspapers and media decided to reply, beginning the greatest media enfilade since Marilyn kept swim. Like *Quatre* Two morning school papers started petitioning, begging Bourassa not to concur. The *Press* took an angry thrashing of English parents at a West Island high school — a show that may well have won him friends in Chocoma and Saguenay — and he was, as expected, shamed and amazed. When it was all over nearly everyone agreed French-English relations had to look to sack in five years.

But that's too easy. What didn't happen in those two wild weeks means part as much as what did.

First, the obvious. That the same thing happened a few years ago, Montreal would have been in for at least one spectacular street fight. Last month no one got so much as a fat lip. Years ago there would have been one anniversary among the French, the English — protesting, protesting and reply in answer — some do another one of their sentimental journeys to the Plains of Abraham. This time many French were just curious. Their interest was academic.

And the English themselves? A half-million signed for petition, but that means there's almost another half-million who didn't — even though it was easy and often polite to do so. Why didn't they sign? Bill 22, after all, should be seen as a half-million of being English in Quebec.

One answer is this: for years there have been only two powers, an *Anglo* could talk to it or *Quebec* could. Either he was mad as hell as the French because they didn't do things his way, or he was justifying because the French kept reminding him of the alternative every corner he and his followers confronted.

Now there's a third. Unless some real threat comes along — and Bill 22 is not that — he will play by the majority's rules. He just wants to get on with it.

Business

OTTAWA DANGLES A \$2.5-BILLION PLUM, AND THE LOBBIES GATHER

Ottawa has been the scene of furious back-and-forth lobbying during the past two months over the purchase of billions of dollars worth of military aircraft. The armed forces are looking for a new, state-of-the-art, long-range patrol plane, a new jet fighter to replace their outdated fleet, or maybe both. It all seems to appear in two packages: the price tag will be in the area of a staggering \$2.5 billion or more, a sum almost equal to Canada's total defence budget this year.

The big money has attracted five U.S.

handing out sovereign to sponsors. "The eagle" carries Canadian sovereignty," tempered the McDonnell Douglas booth. "The Tawnee—the total fighter"—and the sign over the Grumman booth. Both Lockheed and Boeing gave away eyeshades for the spectators. But Lockheed also gave away free business cards, and its salesmen with new flight suits under the corporate logo.

Backing up the corporate effort are U.S. military officials, including Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, who arrived in Ottawa last month with a stern message for

anybody, a wartime bomber pilot, Jean Levesque, the Boeing proposal while former Industry Minister Adrienne Cléroux favors the McDonnell Douglas package, although neither says so publicly. Gillespie also believes we must move quickly, spurred by the lack of work being done by the aerospace industry—de Gaulle, head of Canada's Canadian Laid of Toronto, bought last year for \$38.5 million and Canadian purchased from General Dynamics for \$38.1 million. Others worry that we will encourage cabotage to buy the plane that will be lost to the stronger industry.

"This has happened so often in the past that defence decisions and the result is that we have a heavily subsidized aerospace industry and a lot of jobs we don't need," says one government adviser.

Mapping out the cabinet as it prepares to make a decision in October, bribery and corruption among the major aerospace companies. In the past, favorable decisions have been awarded with gifts ranging from gold-plated pens for the biggest contract from General Dynamics to millions of dollars deposited in numbered Swiss accounts by Lockheed for South African officials. Although the companies young for Canadian contracts say that sort of thing does not go on here, the worry of profits remains. Lockheed, in particular, has been under pressure. Its chairman, Daniel Houghton, wrote Gillespie and Richardson last week, warning them there have been no under-the-table deals with him. "Those bribery charges will be on our heads when we finally purchase. We can't avoid thinking about it," said one cabinet minister.

Why is that banker laughing? Canada's chartered banks stand out as one of the few major industries to avoid sharp profit declines this fall. The latest figures show the Laurentian Bank of Canada, Montreal, Nova Scotia, Provincial, Royal, Toronto-Dominion, and Commerce—show enormous increases for both the first nine months and third quarter of the fiscal year. The recent round of interest rate increases passed by the banking community seems destined to further raise earnings. The magnitude of profit increases is almost staggering, especially in the light of a deflationary economy and has led BC Premier David Brewster among others to attack the interest rate rise as "back of social responsibility." The average increase in profits for the 10 chartered banks stands at 49.4% for the latest three-month period and follows a 37.9% improvement in the second three

months of the banks' year (their fiscal year starts in November).

Among the major, the Bank of Montreal, which weathered a difficult 1974, has emerged a winner with after-tax profits up 63% so far this year. It also reported an astounding increase in profits to \$185 million, up from \$150 million in 1974. The bank's 1975 profits are up 50% from 1974. The bank's 1975 profits are up 50% from 1974.

How the banks prosper: Montreal said it enjoyed more of social responsibility



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coupled with strong support for controls from the civil service will mean a prolonged and bitter cabinet squabble over wage and price controls. For the moment, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is still not talking controls publicly—he's not saying "no," he's saying "not yet"—but the end result seems preordained. "If Gerry Boney says we need controls and Treasury says we need controls and Finance, Revenue says we need controls and Mike Laidlaw says we don't, you know which way we go," says one industrialist.

The little car that couldn't
 Richard Hatfield's use of mainly Fiat cars in Ottawa has caused a certain order of mind to the brand of pollution being sweeping down on the gates of British Columbia Ltd. The province, who used the car company and the province's \$10-million investment in a Fiat plant in Ontario—complete with the slogan "You gotta be here"—sold registers September 18. It has been decided to put the plug and send his "impossible dream" company into receivership.

The move was passed by approval of the provincial Liberal opposition. The party's British Columbia branch, immediately suggested John Tancred on bonded leave, and placed with industrialists. It's living to let the company over. The suggestion met with widespread support from such dispossessed British workers as separatist Robert Hamerle, who also has had the other 170 British employees may soon join the province's 27,000 jobs. The living is tough, especially, as showing extra as a take-over on the province that government ended in 67% interest considerably. A take-over is also supported by Economic Growth Minister Lawrence Gurne, an outspoken critic of state enterprise and wild spending by the company.

For the time being, at least, the two British plants—the assembly plant at Saint John and the body plant at Mono—will continue to operate at full capacity, as showing reduced capacity while the workers. Chalken Co. of Toronto take stock of assembly. Whether they ever see full production again depends on Hatfield's skills as a car salesman.

Britain with its
 British car to you, K.A.T.



The authors who they are and what they're selling



Grumman: Tending 120 F-16 Tornados, a better used by the U.S. Navy. \$1.25 billion. Some work will be approved to Canada, but no aircraft business in Canada.

General Dynamics: Tending the F-16, a new fighter with no risk to the U.S. Navy. \$1.25 billion. Some work will be approved to Canada, but no aircraft business in Canada.

Boeing: Tending 10 new fighters at a price of \$1.25 billion. Some work will be approved to Canada, but no aircraft business in Canada.

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John Turner's last gamble: even if he lost, he won

Business Column by Terence Belford

When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau called John Turner into his Cabinet office last month, it was enough time for Canadian economic policy. Since then some of his colleagues have interpreted Turner's resignation to signify (see story on page 35). But on any view, the events can be reconstructed in a different way. For the first time, Turner himself has been an apologist for economic policies that haven't worked. Earlier, as September's Turner had feared a showdown by signing into effect a three-quarter per cent increase in the central bank rate. It was a calculated risk. If the majority of cabinet approved his move, it would be seen approval for further hard action such as wage and price controls. If it did not, it would mean a continuation of the current policy framework he'd had to bear over the past three years.

Turner had come to believe that it was imperative Canada adopt a stringent policy of self-denial and he worked company by several ministers including his former deputy, Robert Ridd. The Finance Minister told of seeing his cabinet colleagues spend taxpayer money with little concern for the implications. (In the last four months of this fiscal year the federal government spent \$1.3 billion more than it took in.) Turner chuckled as he walked

Ontario as the last with him he considered a somewhat perfunctory look at 1975 for the general ledger and understanding of civil servants. More and more he was forced to ask himself how he could continue to preach restraint and control productivity while his colleagues were not. He shared few of these concerns with the Prime Minister, whose own focus continued to be reducing unemployment.

Turner came to believe in domestic restraint with all the techniques of a late career. After all, he had been one of the architects of our current economic problems. Along with Clark of Canada's government, he had supported the enormous expansion of the money supply in the early Seventies. Having admitted that mistake, as he spoke to the members of the Canadian Life Insurance Association last May he told them: "I had three years as a more ideological politician than a businessman and that is a mistake. I have a lot of regrets about that." "I had three years as a more ideological politician than a businessman and that is a mistake. I have a lot of regrets about that."

In the early Seventies, the federal government tried to pull Canada out of an economic slump by letting the banks offer credit at very low rates. In 1973, he and Turner realized their mistake and to crack down on credit, but the banks, ever so wily, ignored Ontario's directives and hid aggressively. For deposits while running down foreign assets to get hold of cash to lend. The banks were having a heyday making loans for redemptive and had no intention of letting up.

All the while in spite of the obvious signs that the economy was running out of steam—Turner would stand for the government's defeat, would cover for the government, was manifestly putting a full inch over the rail of the Treasury benches and sell the country everything he could. All this, he said, in the official government view was a minor imbalance between supply and demand. Ontario was concentrating solely on employment as an indicator of growth. After all, even the politically very sane, if you find a job, you have more reason to vote for you than if you make him more efficient. The Trudeau policy was, put more people to work and they'll produce more. It should have been practice more while keeping costs down. Last spring, Finance Minister Turner had said Canada was doing as badly as it could, down the road block of trade. Productivity was dropping, wage rates were rising at a phenomenal rate (1975 was far this year) as

been was predicted at more than 11% for the year and unemployment, although it had been the priority since was running at its highest level since 1961. It became obvious that Canada was going itself out of foreign markets. The dollar value of goods shipped to the United States in the first quarter slipped 55.5% below the lowest point in a year. Our trade deficit was estimated at five billion dollars for 1975.

Turner had insisted up to the Committee and still had a lot of time, that he was not collectively going to save the world that enormous five-billion-dollar figure unless we could do some quick balance of payments shuffling. The dollar would have fallen off the table but for his buying and support—in the rest of 1975, money in one month—by Bouey's guarantee in the central bank.

That was when Turner became a leader in restraint at home and abroad. He liked the likes of Murray Lincoln, a guaranteed annual income, Murray Dawson (over a \$700 million increase in Cdn. Air Mortgage and Housing Corporation spending) and Bryce Mackenzie over general economic theory. When Bouey came to him, he said he wanted a massive increase in the central bank rate—in three quarters, plus a cut in paper money, plus a paper money with the Stanley index of the New York Times—Turner agreed that it was feasible.

In taking his leave, John Turner spent another world figure—Charles de Gaulle—and like De Gaulle, he will now stride, head over heels, jumping lightly, from the national political scene. Inevitably, he will be talking to the media. But Turner is not likely to join the crowd of follow-experts from the Trudeau ministry—except for a few of them of thought and action such as Eric Kesteven and Paul Hellyer—who have a few fields into smoky obscurity. For one thing, he is the official spokesman of the 1980 leadership convention who has assumed his own continuity within the Liberal Party. He is important, the fiery future of his ambition will not be contained by the hands of his cabinet but will come his way in a manner in the law from his own choice as his place of self-appointed exile. He can comfortably wait to see whether his successor looks up by following Trudeau's career path. John Turner's work has ended. For the nation's sake. If and when that comes, he will again appear, possibly to control, may be encouraged by the steadily increasing of policies he helped create. April 20, 1981.

Sports

THE LIONS MISS JACKIE AND EAGLE, BUT THEY DON'T MISS LOSING

It hasn't been a good year for labor-management relations in BC. The hockey players and the pulp and paper makers have all walked or been locked out. There has been tragedy of tragedies a BC strike. And, for a few hours, even BC Lions' middle linebacker Ray Niles got away, but he was walked out. "Hells," he says, "making the August 26 day of head coach Eagle Keys and general manager Jacker Parker. The director promised us a few weeks earlier they



Parker and Keys: what they couldn't do. Murphy and Astor: did—a few football games.

would be changed and then they got done that. That's odd. I don't relate to that. That doesn't mean I don't respect coach [Jack] Murphy and the other coaches. I've just got to be able to believe in some things. I can't go to it."

Niles was back on the job the next day but only because Keys asked him into owner's back. "Single status after me. He told me not to mess up any career not to do anything dumb." Niles' first step when he returned was to take part in a defensive team meeting. "We got and Well, it's do something." We got together and decided to screw everybody but ourselves. The directors, the fans everybody. Instead of looking at each other, we decided to help each other."

And help they did. The Lions promptly moved up three strings—and now winning—victories before announcing 20-17 to the Grey Cup Montreal Alouettes. "That was phenomenally the hardest thing, most physical game we've been in this year," said Alouettes coach Mike Leroy, who's been in the game for 10 years. "We were down anyway. It was just a matter of getting healthy and all together."

A Niles might be the walking of Parker and Keys, who were the last year of a five-year contract, may have been a pause before the team's shaky start. Line victory in six games. Still, under Parker and Keys, the Lions had made the playoffs for the first time in 10 years. In 1975, they were 10-4-3. In 1976, they were 10-4-3. In 1977, they were 10-4-3. In 1978, they were 10-4-3. In 1979, they were 10-4-3. In 1980, they were 10-4-3. In 1981, they were 10-4-3. In 1982, they were 10-4-3. In 1983, they were 10-4-3. In 1984, they were 10-4-3. In 1985, they were 10-4-3. In 1986, they were 10-4-3. In 1987, they were 10-4-3. In 1988, they were 10-4-3. In 1989, they were 10-4-3. In 1990, they were 10-4-3. In 1991, they were 10-4-3. In 1992, they were 10-4-3. In 1993, they were 10-4-3. In 1994, they were 10-4-3. In 1995, they were 10-4-3. In 1996, they were 10-4-3. In 1997, they were 10-4-3. In 1998, they were 10-4-3. In 1999, they were 10-4-3. In 2000, they were 10-4-3. In 2001, they were 10-4-3. 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of \$3.5 million in annual real estate taxes and an eight and \$2.7 million in annual mortgage payments for the next 11 years.

Already the local headline writers have launched their spears: "Plot plot \$30 million Midtown Square Garden rip-off!" shouted the Village Voice, suggesting that New York, already deeply in debt, can ill-afford to pay the estimated \$30 million purchase price for the Garden. Nor could it then afford to delete the Garden from the beleaguered city's tax rolls. "The real estate tax exemption status of revenues for the city," says Bronx borough president Robert Abrams "in this case we can't easily give up any of that revenue."

It doesn't charge that city president Paul Seawell—once the city's liaison to Congress—did the deal for the stadium (about a year ago) first home were looked last June but were regularly denied until September 18, when Seawell reluctantly acknowledged, "Obviously studies are now being conducted. When they are completed I will publicly present the facts." That kindly mislead Newark Star-Ledger columnist Jerry Jacobson or the Village Voice's Jack Newfield: "The old American citizenship sword," says Jacobson, "goes to Seawell and the Garden copes." Newfield went even more outrageous: "The arrangement," wrote Newfield in the Voice, "will permit Gull & Western, which officially owns 37.45 of the Garden, to get a tax write-off of \$29 million."

Rumors in the city. Governor Hugh Carey promptly warned that any contract for the purchase of the Garden had "done well" better be in the financial station of New York City. City and state officials called for public hearings on the proposed deal. But there have been just as vocal threats that if the deal shrugs, both the Rangers and Knickerbockers will be moved out of the city. Garden Corp. president Alan Cohen has acknowledged that part of the terms of the rumored New York would be better off Gull were to buy the facility.

Meanwhile Seawell continues to push the deal vigorously. "If studies indicate the purchase is feasible," he says, "I will recommend it to the Emergency Financial Control Board." But governing public opinion could derail the project. G & W executives upset about exposure of the transactions are rumored to be purchasing the site for Garden. Charles Bluhdorn, chairman of G & W, said he would not proceed with the sale unless Mayor Jean Bascaris, Governor Carey and other top officials conferred their blessing, a statement that had no immediate effect on the heavy trading in Gull & Western stock. And by late September, sources close to the agreement were suggesting that the Garden might still be sold, but not to the Off-Track Betting Corp. Affirming his interest in the city, Bluhdorn said, "Any scenario must be consistent with the interests of New York."

STAN FISCHLER

Seeking a new con, Drapeau envisions a ship of fools

Sports Column by John Robertson

Ah, the good, pleasant people of Montreal. So when they were banned out during last week's Olympic protests, unlike the city's earlier-theater version of *Some Like It Hot*? Who cares if they haven't been to work for three weeks because bus and more-drawn are in study sessions trying to learn how to read street names without carrying their bags? What matter that property taxes have to be paid to help pay for the 1976 Olympic Games? (All they have to do is call Marwan the Torch and then their friendly fire insurance company to hand over the cash.)

Major inconveniences, perhaps, but nothing to get upset about. Not with the resilient bands of Mayor Jean Drapeau firmly on the ship of fools. Not with Premier Robert Bourassa ready to umpire his way around. Or in the very least call a re-inquiry Olympic spending insurance may be up 600% and the mayor may have refused to disclose his own program but his Workshop has his reasons. Why, he even has a grand strategy to pay off the entire Olympic deficit—Mount Charge.

Frankly I think it's time someone presented the Mayor's defense on the Olympic spending issue, and now that it's done, maybe the critics will kindly get off his back. How would you like to listen to someone whispering things like "The best thing about this is that you can get it." If born a day (You'd have to see if you get \$10 million for finger painting on blueprints paper.)

Who else but Drapeau had the vision—the most recent—to suggest buying the St. Francis and converting it into the world's newest established floating crop game? And for a mere \$80 million at that. Granted the ship was too tall to make it under several bridges on way up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. But that was no problem. Bourassa did some quick math and asked Paul Deschamps, "insurance giant" of the Liberal Party, to take 10% off the top of the ship.

Both legal, religiously, retired the Premier's purchase, but Drapeau apparently has a new scheme in mind—the old Canadian aircraft carrier Bonaventure, re-

fined more times than Xosent Hollander's daughters. With its wide, flat deck, it'll make a superb bongo and what happens? It's understood his Workshop has even come up with an apt name for the Maiden Voyage: the *Providence Adventure*. That's another form of French realism: the wheel stays still and the bottom spins like a top. Amazingly the Bonaventure was the Mayor's choice. He tried for the Titanic but he didn't want to get in over his head. It's rumored he even has plans to reopen his old restaurant on board. This time, however, he's refusing to let anyone played polo—there's no water, here and they keep serving caviar under the table.

Of course, selling the Bonaventure into a floating casino is a lot harder than you'd think. For example the Mayor has ordered \$500,000 in costs so no one will accuse him of playing without a full deck. He's finally refused, however, to hold the Olympic diving competition on board, there'll be enough news stories around the tables.

Drapeau believes a seagull casino could generate enough money from the when to pay off the mounting Olympic deficit. In the unlikely event that he's wrong, he'll simply put two of everything onto the boat and use it for the Virgin Islands. If he can't find the Virgin Islands, he'll go to the Bay of Pigs and make up a party restaurant. And if he can't find the Bay of Pigs, he'll dock at Jean and his Workshop and play Perquacius (small Judgment Day). He's already sold television rights to the European Broadcasting Union for \$250 million, but compromised a little when they threw in a color portrait of Napoleon.

The floating casino is a grand idea. After all, adult games will use more crop game or else any difference? But Jean cannot live by bookkeeping alone, so a strongly recommended we put a horse of it repeat on board. Gambling on the port side, situations in the starboard. Or more news if you like. Consider some statistics could be interesting. "It's an odd case but I'll be there." Or, "I'll try you two to one." Or, "Hi me again, Jean."

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Today, our world of Canadian Pacific spreads far and wide. We're busy in oil and gas exploration. In mining. And in steel, forest products and real estate development, not to mention hotels, telecommunications and transportation. The fact is, at Canadian Pacific we do more things for more people than most of them know.

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SS France: but for Seawell, the world's grandest floating crop game

Medicine

THE MAN WHO BEGAN THE VASECTOMY SCARE

An estimated 60,000 vasectomies were performed last year in Canada, and the number is rising. The 30-minute operation is widely regarded as a safe, cheap and effective form of birth control.

All of which explains why Dr. Gordon Kelson is under attack. Kelson, an Ottawa physician, has suggested that—based on his experiments with vasectomized rats—men who have had the operation may experience complications. *Especially* men who are older (the equivalent of 20-25 years in men), the rats in Kelson's University of Ottawa laboratory revealed smaller prostates, shrunken testes and weakened the normal action of testosterone, the male sex hormone.

Newspapers, of his findings launched a sensitive furor. In Ottawa alone dozens of patients cancelled appointments and scores of anxious inquiries were reported. The outcome of the debate was even more pointed. One Alberta endocrinologist termed Kelson's deductions "wild extrapolation." The Ottawa Medical Association issued a tone statement in defense of the vasectomy procedure. Urology chairman Dr. David Moore admitted the association had not yet studied Kelson's original paper (published last February in the medical periodical *Conception*) but assured "Vasectomies have been performed for long enough that some causal or causal should have turned up to support his claims."

Kelson, 41, is a full-time associate professor of physiology, refuses to back down. "I don't go along with the doctors who tell

their patients a vasectomy won't affect their lives one iota. At the present state of our knowledge that's going too far."

Indeed, since the report was published, new findings by Kelson suggest that he should be taken more seriously than he is. Studying spermatogenesis from a rat vasectomized eight months earlier, Kelson found that sperm blocked from its usual path built up to such pressure that the testicular tubules carrying it exploded. "It was one hell of a mess," he says. "The sperm products were trapped all around the tubules" (where sex hormones are produced).

The Berlin-born researcher now believes that vasectomy leads to a significant but transient rise in male hormone production—a theory that may support claims of an improved sex life (frequently reported by vasectomized patients). But the pleasure, he warns, may be fleeting. By the eighth month (12-13 years in men), dramatic cellular changes began to occur in rats, says Kelson. "I don't think the cure should be on women to prevent conception. But things being what they are, I wouldn't have a vasectomy myself." **JOAN WARD**

Electronic rhythms

While it is still considered the most effective method of birth control, the PILL is not universally loved. Doctors fearful of its long-term impact have repeatedly linked it with an increased risk of cancer—and for women over 30—heart disease. And a survey of men have complained of hair loss, weight gain and other unpleasant side effects.

Some of those fears may now be laid to rest by the oncosimeter, a new device that accurately detects and records a woman's luteal periods. Developed by the Washington-based Marking Research Foundation, the oncosimeter (it sounds a somewhat vulgar name) measures the sharp increases in potassium body release that occur during ovulation. The battery-powered device is expected to retail for under \$25 and be on the market by December. Comes of a dial and two electrodes. A woman holds one lead in her hand and inserts the other in her forehead; the dial automatically registers whether she is fertile.

"We've treated on hundreds of women and not had a case of error yet," says lead proponent Dr. Carol Schlichter. The oncosimeter's miniature electronic circuit makes it small enough to fit inside a pencil. Says Schlichter: "Any woman can use it—easily and discreetly as she would her pen." **BILL DAMICO**



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Kelson: challenging the doctors

Advertising

LOST ACCOUNTS: PUNISHMENT FOR THE SIN OF BEING CANADIAN?

The big full advertising campaigns are now nearly underway but for a number of Canadian ad agencies the new season is not what it might have been. In recent months, Canadian advertisers have washed a whopping eight million dollars in accounts ship out of their coastal-quarry taken from Canadian agencies and awarded to U.S.-owned subsidiaries. The accounts include such prestigious partners as Standard Brands (six million dollar plant, Cansac C (350,000), Warner-Lambert (31.5 million), AAP (300,000), TMX Wackes

"Blue-eyed Archie" was the epitome of Americanism. Then January used to describe Canadians in a speech to last spring's American Association of Advertising Agencies annual meeting in Puerto Rico. And from the same podium, John Elton Jr., chairman of Ogilvy & Mather International, dismissed as cultural waste lands those accounts, including Canada, "who would squander an out of the range of imagination." A few years back, U.S. firms in Canada were anxious to avoid charges of Yankee bashing, and deliberately awarded accounts to Canadian agencies. But now U.S. branch plants are reflecting head office anger by placing their ad budgets where they mystify less—with other U.S. branch plants.

Says one senior Canadian agency president—carefully protecting his anonymity: "There were early warning signals at that AAAA meeting. I was startled by the press hostility felt by U.S. marketing people toward Canada. . . . Our agencies are being punished for the government's actions."

For every domestic loss, of course there's been a corresponding U.S. acquisition. One of the agencies profiting most from the recent accounts shift in Toronto, based, Spence, Muller & Baker, a subsidiary of Trudican, New York. Last year alone, SMAB added a handsome \$7.5 million to its corporate revenues—almost half that amount derived from U.S. branch plants. In fact from their year SMAB has kept from the bush leagues to the major, top group in billings by \$10 million a year.

The man at the centre of this dramatic move around is 42-year-old Peter Zarry, Spence Muller's outgoing president. Zarry took over two and a half years ago, at a reported salary of \$45,000 a year, after more with J. Walter Thompson (he went from junior account rep to executive vice and general manager in three years). York University (where he is still an assistant professor of marketing) and private consulting (typical of his \$400-a-day style) was his advice to the president of an ad agency, there's nothing wrong with this from that a new position was a cure.

But Zarry, who grew up in New Westminster, B.C., and earned pocket money running errands for prostitutes who lived next door, rejects any suggestion that SMAB's current success rests on ugly Americanism. "We get our business from sophisticated clients who aren't buying the nationalistic garbage," he says vehemently. Instead, he's a hand-picked item of young lions and his own dedication to hard work brought about the

phenomenon. "My background still tells I am totally disciplined in my desire to succeed." In fact, he claims SMAB's billings would be twice as high but for its American affiliates. "I'm a bit and tend of being dismissed again, just because our local office is on the border. Why don't I get our very piece of government advertising? Why is Ottawa doing a number on *Time* and *Reader's Digest*? I'm totally unable to understand why the government always picks on the communications industry as its prime target."

Though he may be the most candid, Zarry is not the only adman with a pronounced dislike for Canadian policies. Andrew Kennedy, Canadian-born chairman of Ogilvy & Mather, New York and a major force in the agency world, seems little "ingenious hostility" on the part of U.S. firms operating in Canada, but concedes: "There is a noticeable amount of respect that Canada as a nation seems to be more on a par with any other country."

But all the polite dismissals of American retaliation haven't convinced the Canadians. Last month one more agency learned it may lose a major U.S. account to a U.S.-based rival. The shaken account executive, his job at stake, pondered the probable loss. "We were told that if the account moves it won't reflect on our performance, the decision will have been made in the U.S. It's up to me I don't believe in this retaliation shit. Now I'm not so sure."

Let's run it up the ladder

He once convinced Muhammad Ali to advertise for him on his boxing shorts. Now David Mulvey, managing director of Special Publicity Programs, London, England, has talked British firms into using their own in naming billboards. Says Mulvey: "We are quite sure. We already have a backlog of advertisement campaigns to use the medium."

Mulvey's first clients were Vladimir Yudin and the Brighton Festival. Farmers along the route from Brighton to London were paid a percentage of the 4.56 (110) per new charged in advertisements and the zones were confined to specially designed cars bearing the ad messages. "It's a perfect setup because views are not classified as billboards and no permission is required from local councils," says Mulvey.

There is one more drawback to the scheme, however. The English winter was cold that the cover—was those with Mulvey's own car—was naturally bemused.

ELIZABETH ECONOMY

Our cigarette is More.

Put your cigarette against it.

Compare your cigarette to ours and you'll find that ours is More. The first 120mm cigarette. More in every way except price.

Long, lean and burnished brown, More has more style. It has more flavour. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than a king size cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get more going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

They smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavourful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

More and More Menthol. They look like more. They taste like more. They are more.

The original 120mm cigarette.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked - avoid inhaling



Zarry: nationalism to demand

(\$2.1 million) and Hentley's Chocobon (\$200,000).

The U.S. firms all say the timing is coincidental. Some Canadians think otherwise—seeing the shifts in a deliberate backlash against Canada's laxive steps toward cultural nationalism. Indeed, privately, Canadian agency executives believe the recent moves are just a sinister sampling of what's to come. The backlash, they say, can be traced to:

- Pressing federal legislation to prohibit Canadian firms from winning off the coast of advertising in *Time* and *Reader's Digest* against viable income.

- The Ottawa government's Rowe Report, which recommended that an agency be allowed to handle the same account in Canada and the U.S.

- The Canadian Radio-Television Commission's measures to cut down the use of U.S.-made commercials, and to encourage local television stations to decline commercial messages from U.S. border stations.



Travel

IN MIRABEL'S CASE, GETTING THERE WILL BE NO FUN AT ALL

The planes have learned flying out of the newly elevated Montreal International Airport but passengers and airlines alike are already beginning to panic as the fumes proudly dubbed as support for the 21st century Montreal's \$300-million first phase will add an additional 10,000 acres more—the largest piece of land ever assembled for an airport—near the Laurentian foothills, 30 miles northwest of Montreal.

The new itself is impressive: thousands of acres is spread in full extent, one of the world's tallest (215 feet) control towers, Canada's first cat-and-dog carry-free shop, and a smokeless glass terminal building designed with the passenger in mind—once he reaches it. And therein the rub: how to get there. When commercial flights from Montreal begin October 26, travelers accustomed to the short haul to Dorval will face a minimum 40-minute journey to the new facility. At peak periods when the Laurentian Air Force is jammed with traffic, heading north, some officials conservatively recommend allowing 1½ hours for the trip.

Getting to Mirabel is not all that secure either, it's expensive, five-dollar bus fares from downtown Montreal—almost twice what a crosstown Dorval—\$25 taxi fares, and public transit parking rates, four-dollar-a-day insurance with no long-term discounts (A planned rapid transit link with Montreal won't be built until the 1990s.) Such transit is not even compared to the hidden cost of premium passengers en route. Excluding flights to and from the United States, international air will use Mirabel, while almost all domestic flights will use Dorval. However, Transcanadian based for Dublin via Air League—which

like many European airlines has landing rights only in Montreal—will likely have to catch an international Air Canada or CP Air flight that stops at Mirabel en route overseas or face a marathon cross-country journey from Dorval. Luckily, Air Canada and CP Air endorsed later willingness to carry Air League's (and every other European airline's) passengers into Montreal—clearly hoping that Canadiana would take the 20-mile, 2½-hour commuting time from landing at Dorval to check-in at Mirabel by booking Canadian carriers from the start. One Air France agent was told bluntly: "Listen, you guys shifted us at Charles de Gaulle"—a reference to last year's forced transfer of Air Canada's Paris operations from Orly Airport to the new De Gaulle facility. A year later, many passengers are reportedly still turning up for their flights at the wrong airport. But making better arrangements, the foreign carrier representatives feel strongly persuaded Air Canada isn't apportioning to European airline passengers. At last report, CP Air was considering making a similar concession.

Administrative wrangles aside, all the airlines feel Mirabel's opening is premature, especially considering the high cost of moving flight operations from Dorval and Mirabel's higher rental rates. Air Canada and CP Air are clearly not, having to maintain facilities at both airports. However, since they solve operational problems, passengers will probably find Mirabel's actual amenities a pleasant contrast with Dorval. The airport—named for daughter Marianne and her brother of the Seneca farmer who settled the area—will rely completely on 14 metric tonne (each

weighing \$400,000) to move travelers between aircraft and terminal. Departures and arrivals are on one level, walking distances are minimal.

In its first year of operation, Mirabel is expected to handle about three million passengers, well below its first phase capacity. By 1995, when its air runway and its terminals are complete, 10 million travelers a year will fly in and out of Mirabel. 10 times Dorval's present traffic and about three times Canada's population. Enough, certainly, to keep the airport burning late in the day-free sleep.

Next year in Havana

In recent years, Fidel Castro's Cuba has become a private but increasingly popular option for Canadian travelers. Last year alone, charter flights from Toronto and Montreal carried more than 20,000 Canadians to Havana, the beaches of Varadero and the bit of Pinar. This winter the number may rise by as much as 50%. As part of a new Canada/Cuba air agreement now being completed, the search of some five months' negotiation, the agreement would permit regular flights between Canada (by Air Canada and Cubana) and the only Communist country in the western hemisphere.

In the past, Canadians flying to Cuba were required to join one- or two-week packs (to hotels, with program and insurance). The balance of the winter now is the time to plan, will allow individual tourists to set their own schedules—at least that's the theory. The Cubans aren't yet geared for the independent traveler, and travel officials warn that diplomats and businessmen assigned from Canada should consider taking off on their own.

Nevertheless, in anticipation of the increased charter traffic, Succosair—Canada's largest tour operator—is placing flights from Vancouver, Halifax, Calgary, Ottawa and Winnipeg, in addition to Toronto and Montreal. But the bulk of travel will almost certainly be booked by Toronto-based Unimare, which pioneered Canadian travel to Cuba in 1972.

The surge of tourism has brought changes to the Caribbean island, not all of them desirable. Canadians treated with respectful courtesy three years ago now find themselves pinched by swarms of Cuban children, soliciting candy and gum. Chicks hold space at bars to come by. And this winter one further change is in a: the onset of a one-week trip to Cuba, which last year ranged between \$328 and \$378, will be up a minimum of 15%. PATRICIA DENSON

Hi Steve,

I hate to rub it in old buddy, but this place beats everywhere. Start with Doyle's, a great Sydney seafood restaurant. That's yours truly charming his date—with a little help from a lobster.

Moving right along to Arnhem Land, I took a photo safari and got fantastic shots of crocodile, water buffalo and these weird termite nests. Then went out West to Wittenoom Gorge,

where the people are as "beast" as the scenery.

In Melbourne, the game is Aussie Rules football—closer to a free-for-all than to the NFL. Next, I took a turn at the Wrist Point gaming tables in Tasmania. And now I'm skiing at Mt. Buller. (Unbelievable powder!) I can report that not all Australian women are blonde and beautiful, some are brunettes. Try to scrape together the bread to come here. Otherwise you may never see me again.

Cheers from Australia, Mike





CUSO: involvement that lasts a lifetime

We provide skilled Canadians to work with the people of developing countries. With them. Alongside them. Not out of charity, or pity, or guilt. But because we believe cooperation is the route to a better, more just, more equitable world. We don't offer much money, fringe benefits or promotional opportunities.

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Press

NEW MASTER OF THE GROIN-KICK SCHOOL

There was no cartooning it, the women told the magazine editor of the *Gazette*: Montreal's English language women's paper "Your man Aude has put pig's feet on the Queen."

"You speaking for myself and 40 other boys" she wrote on, but all British accent crackling with indignation. "We are all canceling our subscriptions. This has to be his pen, too far!" But chances are, however often they dismiss not to these 41 defectors of royalty and up through the *Gazette* to find the latest writing of Christopher Terry Mosher—Aude, Gacko, for "dreams," is a pen name.

His drawings are "beautifully crude" and "exuberantly satirical," writes *Montreal's* *Backlist* in the English introduction to a third collection of Mosher cartoons to be published later this month by Harp, publisher "Mosher, bless him," writes *Backlist* "Yuletide for an all!" And at 32, after less than a decade of full-time journalism, Mosher has become a pariah in all Canadian cartooning. Not only one of the stars or four best of a choice list, he is also the most of this country's editorial cartoonists. Coming through the roiling room at the National Film Board last month was a 16-minute documentary on the art conceived by Mosher and a film, according to its producer director in Montreal, CBC has agreed to show this year. A book based on the film should be out next year.

"Right now," says Mosher, "there are 30 really good cartoonists in this country. I doubt if there are that many in the States." To him the top pens of all are the Vancouver *Star's* Len Sten, the Toronto *Star's* Dennis McQuinn, both widely and shamelessly admired in the U.S., and Jean-Pierre Girard of Montreal's *Le Presse*.

Mosher is near the top of that short list. His work has appeared in *Punch*, the New York *Times*, *Wayne*. Mosher's subjects are anyone who is somewhere above the herd or wants to be. They range from Celine Dion to Harry Kewener, Robert Boudreau, Jean Drapeau, Jeanne Chénier and General Deng Xiaoping.

Mosher is unhappy with his Trudeau. He studies him a fan, but it's not enough. "His last survey, but he's a slippery snake," says Yvo. You know they'll throw a basket ball to Stanford 10 times and the eleven times he'll drop it and there's your cartoon. But Trudeau knows enough not to try. "You sit and you wait and you wait."

Born in Ottawa, he got into Quebec City's *Boite des Beaux Arts* by forging

graduation papers from a high school he had not graduated from. "It was the best drawing I ever did. They still don't know." He dived with the idea of mail art, then took to cartooning when someone paid him for a little cartoon of General de Gaulle, his depiction underground and university papers, became the cartoonist for the Montreal *Star*, then the *Gazette*.

Mosher's eye is not final. He likes his work and likes getting paid for it. But he



Aude/Mosher: the pen is mightier...

says he is not an artist—just someone with an especially cunning left hand. He has no neatly packaged world view. In fact, his pen has scribbled right left and center alike. "I don't really believe in anything," he says.

Off the drawing board, his life is complicated, even messy. He occasionally finds himself in the middle of some sort of national street fight and he doesn't always get home in time for dinner. From 1969 until 1972 he took up and eventually couldn't work without it. This last cartoon before he committed himself to hospital road "Care as liberators or give me death?" But his work gets done. Everything inside is his tough discipline. Even deep into a long tense lunch, when everyone else is picking on about baseball and the bloody-mindedness of pick-to-see. Mosher will be sitting there writing little bits of things on the backs of matchbooks.

Mosher figures he'll be "beamed out" in another 30 years. If that happens he wants to become a bartender. A good one. A real appointment would be nice—my bartender to the Queen.

CHRIS ALLAN



HENNESSY was founded in Cognac, France, in 1765.

From its reserves, the finest and oldest in the world, HENNESSY offers you cognacs of unequalled bouquet and finesse: BRAS ARMÉ, V.S.O.P., BRAS D'OR NAPOLEON and the superb X.O. and EXTRA.

"Our quality speaks for itself."



Cities

NEW YORK. PROVING THAT NICE GUYS DO FINISH LAST

Nature has a marvelous sense of balance. A rabbit dies, and a fox is fed. The lion decays, and a flower blooms. So with New York, a city itself threatened with decay. For every speech lambasting spending, just about half a dozen of the welfare rolls deliver take in the current rate on municipal bonds is exhibited by a cat in hospital gown, welfare payments, the education budget or housing. For every financial straitjacket who sleep forward to condemn the city's profligacy, a homeless man pops up to tighten the screws on an addendum clause. In the end, it all balances out.

For a Canadian, after the first fancy party of some wicked old Gotham to realize, there are no sobering lessons in New York's plight. The first is obvious—a city that cheats its debtors, fiddles the books and goes on spending money it doesn't even have to fund for the future. Anyone can see that now, though whether it will stop other cities from doing the same is doubtful. The second lesson is subtler, and has implications for every Canadian city. And it is that social services and welfare committees are treated as fella as soon as the economy gets rough. The poor are always with us, but they are a long way from the pay window.

A major change against New York today is that it has tried to do a decent job for its citizens. Chicago is a salutary New York, a not. Chicago has a city budget about one

twelfth the size of New York's to cover a population 40% the size of the larger city. Chicago has no city university—while New York has 127,000 students in an university system. Chicago supports only one social hospital, while New York, with 18 public hospitals, pours in as much money on this one item as the entire Chicago city budget. Chicago saves money by its obligatory support of schools, courts, corrections, hospitals, public transit, parks, museums, theaters and schools.

One of the reasons New York is so burdened with welfare payments (there are 1.1 million cases on the city rolls) is that it has always been a haven for immigrants—from Europe, from the South, from Haiti, America—on whom other cities have simply slammed their doors.

The lesson is asking us. Just as the fiscal policy is being dismantled, so is the city's welfare apparatus. The head of the transportation and administration has been cut by \$245 million, and the education budget by \$221 million. There is a plan to freeze all housing units, and a demand that the city universities, which charge only tuition and tuition, should begin to charge "student" fees. This single step could save \$32 million a year. It could also destroy the educational chances of the blacks. Spanish Americans and poor whites.

Cops are being laid off, firemen dried, school crossing guards dismissed, social workers sacked. The city is increasing its rolls of 2,300 teachers, and has already sent pink slips to 1,572 welfare workers. 3,000 policemen, 2,236 crossing guards, 1,434 sanitation workers. Labor paid at commonly accepted here as a major contributing factor to the city's plight. Perhaps a garbage man in New York can make up to \$15,000 a year. Of course, five doctors on staff at a Queens hospital stand to get \$352,960 in medical fees this year, and that doesn't seem to bother anybody. They have explained that they work longer hours, and may be called in on weekends.

The city's demands are to be met through out by a new deputy mayor, Kenneth Staring Aulstein. He will be on leave from his job at J. C. Penney department store, where he gets a \$140,000 salary. He should soon get the money in his place.

Well, the books have to be paid. During the crisis month of September, of the \$906 million in cash the city had to raise at once \$349 million was required to service city debts. Slogdons of municipal bonds have to get more, now, because—the first time since the 1930s—they provide an element of risk in their conversion. They are now drawing 11% interest on New York's bonds, and, because that rate is a tax-free, they are getting a 32% return.

It appears to be evening out of the hides, not mostly of the assets but of the poor, the blacks, the drug addicts, the seniors, the old, the young and the sick. Frank I. Ibarra, a Brooklyn Democrat, was made fully as the state legislator in October day.



change. "In New York city today, children are being burned alive because we don't have enough firemen... people are dying because the emergency wards are understaffed... one street looks like the Burma Road... our housing is coming down around our ears."

It sounded far-fetched, and certainly irresponsible to document. The next day, a nine-year-old girl was hit by a car at a school crossing where the guard had been pulled off to new duty.

Dr. John Tappin Martin, executive director of the Council of Municipal Personnel, said, "In Canada, many of the heaviest cities are creating New York are renowned to the provincial, an federal level. You spend the heaviest better." When I replied that the poor of Montreal might not agree, he said, "You're like Adam and Eve, causing the Fall from paradise in the Garden of Eden." WALTER STEWART

Why older whisky isn't necessarily better whisky.

If you think spending time in a barrel helps make a Canadian rye better, you're right. But only up to a point. Because rye whisky, like everything else in life, reaches one point in time when it's at its peak.

When it's in its "Prime" Before that it can be pale, harsh and still unbalanced. After that it begins to get darker and take on a stronger "woody" taste.

Most of our competitors settled for whisky that's 6 years old or less.

Not us. In our opinion, it is the "Prime" year for OFC.

When it couldn't be better. Smooth. Mellow. And full-bodied. And yet still light enough to have a taste that takes no getting used to.

We make OFC 8-Year Old, and only 8 years old, because that's the best year.

Frankly those two extra years of aging, cost us extra money.

But that's the price we were willing to pay to create the only whisky ever to win three consecutive gold medals in the World's toughest competition "The Olympics of Food and Drink" Monde Selection. Yes, there are younger whiskies.

Yes, there are older whiskies. No, there is no other whisky "Picked in its Prime" OFC 8-Year Old. The Prime Canadian.



Top of the blame like "woody unripe"



THANKS TO THIEVES, A GREAT ART TREASURE COMES TO MONTREAL



Rauschenberg's 'The Lagoon' is a "lost gem" turned up, with a \$750,000 price tag.

Scattered over the Labor Day weekend in 1972, thieves inside Montreal's Museum of Fine Arts and systematically looted its magnificent collection of 17th-, 18th- and 19th-century European paintings.

"There were two curators and mislaid items all over the floor," recalls David Carter, the museum's director. "Robert's *Portrait of a Young Man*, a Rembrandt landscape now in New York City, a Delacroix, a Courbet, Boucher's *Head of an Old Man* and many others were gone. The museum looked like a battlefield."

The paintings have never been recovered. But this summer, armed with a two-million-dollar insurance settlement, Carter set out on a whirlwind, 11-day tour of the world's art centers to make good the loss. He returned with one of the great pieces of art history—*The Lagoon*—a vivid sensual early work by Peter Paul Rubens. It is the most expensive painting ever purchased by a Canadian museum. Although Carter pretends not to discuss the price—it is, of course, rivaled by the thefts from the painting's vast insurance—admitted auction price it is close to \$750,000.

The Lagoon is one of a number of paintings given by the Flemish master to Sir Dudley Carleton, British ambassador to The Hague, in exchange for some antique statues. On April 26, 1618, Rubens wrote the ambassador describing it: "Lagoon, taken from life, with Sisyphus and Nymphs. Original by my hand except for a most beautiful landscape done by a master skilful in that department." Carleton,

more an dealer than a connoisseur, accepted the painting and sold them at a profit a short time later. For the next 350 years, *The Lagoon* dropped out of sight and was no longer included in inventories of Rubens' works. It surfaced again in an Amsterdam perfume-collector's collection after 1950, but it was wrongly identified as the work of a lesser Flemish painter.

In 1968, retired Harvard art scholar John Field showed up in it in the limited warehouse New York's Central Gallery. Attracted by the work's warm-blooded, human quality, he recalled the Carleton letters and knew it must be the missing Rubens. Although he wrote about his discovery in 1970, nobody managed to come up with enough cash to buy the painting until Carter walked in with his insurance windfall.

"There are Rubens' paintings in other Canadian museums but none so important," Carter exults after pulling off a major coup. "It is one of the finest compositions by Rubens or anyone else. It will be the crown jewel in our collection."

Genius Resurrected

Seven years ago, the Canadian art world noticed it had successfully hunted Melfer Brittan. At odds with major art trends at the time of his death, at age 56, the daimonic former actor was considered a local shrewdly the kind of temperate, temperate drunk who forged portraits of his strong New York boys and telephonic museum officials in the middle of the night. He was better known as Renee London

and New York than in Canada. Still he had served as an official war artist. Downcast with the war and fleeing the city, some form of recognition was clearly due "old Miller." So, in 1966, a prize-winning exhibition of his work was sent to smaller galleries across the country. Caps were defied, appreciation writers and the matter was resolved closed. The additional debt to Miller Brittan had been paid.

But, Brittan refused to stay buried. A full-scale retrospective of his paintings, drawings and mixed media at Toronto's Gallery Ontario (October 4 to 25) results has one of the country's rare greats.

Brittan, who was born and lived all his life in Saint John, New Brunswick, was an artistic person made, one of those lost souls who, like Modigliani, painted with still simplicity and beauty in spite of private demons, heavy drinking and black despair.

Brittan's life was as vivid as his paintings. A simple realist, a trained expressionist and a honest surrealist, his style in theme and style reflected the crises of his own turbulent existence.

At 18 he enrolled at the Arts Students' League in New York where he studied for two years. The Depression was on and American artists, affected by the breadlines and hunger marches of those years, considered a social conscience a necessary part of an artist's equipment.

The offspring of an old, conservative family, Brittan returned home to paint staging scenes of local full-house parties (*Formal Party*, 1939) and the stage plays of the middle class (*Excursion*, 1937). At the same time, his awareness of working classmen (*Three Longshoremen*, 1939) and homebound-bound housewives (*On the Streetcar*, 1936) was simple, direct and full of sympathy.

These early works are masterpieces of social realism.

When war came, Brittan trained as an actor, bombardier and stubbornly refused to give up trying to serve as a war artist. Not until after he completed 37 missions over enemy territory and came to his own did he agree to record the conflict rather than deny himself. But he found an expression in war. His work as an official war artist is indifferent almost remote. He understood the fear and fatigue in the eyes of his fellow soldiers and could not help mirroring his pain.

The religious phase that followed the war was a reaction, perhaps an atonement for his wartime activities. For the next five

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BIG TO GET A GROWN-UP PENSION PLAN

There are only seven employees at Jacques Roy Limited, an industrial technology firm in Montreal, N.B. And that includes Jacques himself.

Nonetheless, Jacques and his people decided their jobs had to mean more than just a regular paycheck so they started looking around for an employee benefit program starting with a Pension Plan. After exploring the possibilities, Jacques decided on Metropolitan Life. He chose Metropolitan for two reasons.

First, because Metropolitan

Life, with over \$2 billion in Canadian investments could give the solid dependability his company was looking for. Secondly, Jacques Roy could get a Pension Plan designed just right for the size and operation of his company through his local Metropolitan Life representative, right in Montreal.

And like many a larger company, Jacques Roy and his associates could get group rates on their company Pension Program.

They didn't stop there, though. They went through with plans for a complete employee benefit program that included Group Life Insurance.

Health Care and an Accident and Sickness Plan. Four programs for just seven people.

So whether your company is looking for a Pension Plan or a total employee benefit package, give your local Metropolitan Life representative a call.

Because, at Metropolitan Life, we do even the smallest job in a very big way.



Metropolitan Life
Where the future is now



pendent dressed himself to a mix of a sophisticated, disarming pictures based on behind-the-scenes. With the change in three there was an accompanying change of style. He abandoned the smooth hair and heavy contours of his earlier work and substituted stubble, casual brash smokes, arched brows and tense cross-hatching lines. Expressive words, they match the best of Kurosawa and Beckson.

Britain's mythology became more personal in the 1950s and he poured out a succession of syndicated paintings in which strange forms float in surreal gardens and people with flower heads look vegetable and animal world.

In 1958, Britain's wife to whom he was



The Balthus (1949): His social realism was waiting, but the little girl flew

closely attached died of cancer. It is a state of anguish he painted and drew nightmarish visions of crumbling faces with large hair-ridges eyes that stared in separate directions (Green Head, 1960).

In the 1960s, surrealism takes over and bizarre clown-figures exercise the elements while pale female studies are warmed by orange tones. It is clear that in this period Britain's dreams became private and the complete social reality had emerged from obscurity.

His last years were a tragic inventory. After a huge modeling house, drinking too much, using too little, his health deteriorated. Locally, sufficient to live, he placed expensive 3 or 4 in long distance calls to friends and acquaintances across the country just before Christmas in 1967 he suffered a stroke. A month later he was dead.

Britain defines the crisis. He was a social critic in a conservative milieu, and an explorer of religious experience in a secular age. A humanist in an era of cool abstractions. There who didn't need to be as opposed to his own and recognize him as one of the very best. **ROD LUTTMAN**

Television

CAN THE SHOW STAY SOLVENT?
CAN REILLY STAY SOBER? STAY TUNED

Six months ago, Peter Reilly's life was a mess. He had lost his seat in parliament. His job hosting a radio hot-line show and he had been convicted of impaired driving. He was known for his inability to control his personal life (42 he has been married four times) and his drinking habits. Some of Reilly's friends and most of his enemies thought he was finished. But September 30 he was back on camera with Adrienne Clarkson and Warren Troyer as the evening reporter on CBC's much publicized new newsmagazine show, *The fifth estate*. It's an amazing turnaround. "I have great nervous attacks," says Reilly. "I've had problems with drinking and on off the years, but I think now I've got it under control."

It remains to be seen whether *The fifth estate's* several instances are in good. No public affairs program since *The Hour* has been as good as the last. But Reilly has been so lately. He's been on the air for 30 years in more than one million dollars. Rumors about the show have been flying around for months. Adrienne Clarkson supposedly insisted that her two co-hosts be male. She was also said to have demanded that Clayton Stacey, her assistant producer from *Fake Thirty* and *Adrienne At Large*, be hired as executive producer and that her friend and *Adrienne At Large* colleague, Michael Smiley, be hired as producer. The show, Clarkson and Troyer, are rumored to be earning \$60,000 a year, about \$20,000 more than Cande Taylor gets for similar duties on *TV 93*. And finally, critics are supposedly spreading the word that they will give up on magazine style shows (like *60 Minutes*). Such rumors indicate that there is extraordinary pressure on the producers to come up with a winner.

The man under the gun is Peter Reilly. The 44-year-old of the public affairs department, who convinced the cbc to give the Seven their style show, says he was fired. He thought a large bid for the department and then forgot the *5th estate's* format with an eye on cbc's highly successful 60 Minutes. He recruited *Jeopardy!* host Haggart and Gerald McEwan, both veteran of national newspaper awards for their investigative reporting. The result is a program capable of hard, if occasionally somewhat, investigative journalism. It's the best piece so far. Adrienne Clarkson looked into the glass last year of a Parliament just that killed 12 people and found a widely mismanaged investigation and request. The show's major flaw is its short duration of 60 Minutes. Investigating even their graphic style to avoid an action.

The show is already running into budget

problems and there is talk of doing more filming on the studio and less on expensive locations. "We may have to turn it into a studio talk show to keep the end of the year," says producer Barry Hyman. In any case, the *5th estate* will have to rely even more heavily on its anchor-person. While Clarkson and Troyer can probably take the pressure, the question is can Peter Reilly? Reilly first attracted attention in 1964 with his vocal coverage of an uprising in the Congo while working as a correspondent for cbc. In 1966 he became executive producer of cbc's 102 but he fought with John Bassett, owner of the network's Toronto flagship station, CFTO-TV, and was back at cbc in less than a year. By 1969 he'd been on and off every major public affairs show in the country (*Monday, Wednesday*) and was drinking heavily. Reilly was doing out in a clinic when Roy Fairbairn, then of cbc's TV in Vancouver, hired him as a parliamentary reporter. In 1972, Reilly took over as host of a Conservative in the riding of Okanagan West. His parliamentary career was marked by spectacle, often desperately silly outbursts—he once booted John Diefenderfer in the House of Commons after a disagreement on the budget. In 1974 he lost his bid for reelection and took a job as a radio talk show host. After he was fired "the reality has had personal problems,"

commented Herndon, "but his experience working with him has been a good one. We wanted one of the people on camera to be a



Reilly at work: another shot at the top

newsman more serious but recognized as a kind of mascot." Somehow Reilly has always retained optimism. When it is suggested to him that the *5th estate* continues a comeback, he looks genuinely surprised. "Is that what people think? I guess I just didn't feel sorry for myself."

SENKOFF



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Films

THE "TRUSCOTT FILM": SOMETHING EDIBLE IN A YEAR OF FAMINE

RECOMMENDATION FOR MURDER
directed by Murray Close

Murray Close's new feature, *Recommendation for Murder*, based on the remarkable trial of Steven Truscott, is the best Canadian film of 1977. Granted, it's a lean so-so film compared to the style bangles and baroque klutzes of *Lassie* My Father Told Me, the earnest but pointless *Sudden Fury*, or the soporifically stupid *Le Dernier Lait de Chèvre*. But *Recommendation* has put together a subtle and enjoyable piece of

"Fortunately the next day the police got the facts straight and dropped the charges. It was the last person known to be with the girl but it was his own boyfriend who attacked her and beat her up. That's how I know a little of what it feels like to be Truscott. We've never sat, we've never talked but I feel completely sure of his innocence."

The film's few flaws—overlaid, unconvincingly unattractive musical score by Don Gillis, and too many fine, irrelevant flash-

backs and thoroughly exhausted every cent of his credit to get the film made, worse perhaps his Daddy Kunitz scramble for money, his constant sneaking and drinking, alcoholism so many in the industry that I couldn't find anyone—follow director producer, critic officials—who had a good word to say about him. The film finally cost \$500,000—one of those crazy, outrageous, emotional gambles that paid off by the door-of-death. Made at this time, it was due to the waste of incompetence, but we would have much livelier film and story in Canada if more directors took an interest in modern social issues.

Quick Ma, the pericillini!

THE MANAGERIAL PROBLEM
designed by David Cronenberg
David Cronenberg's schlocker *The Passion of Mary* is the richest war on nerves since *Night of the Living Dead*. It's a film about a new venereal disease that drives people so crazy. He is not a shallow sensationalist. The reaction with bodily pain, stress, and discomfort. *Passion* shows stress from Cronenberg watching the growing and horrifying death of his father from cancer three years ago. Like Roman Polanski, one of his favorite directors, he seeks commercial exceptions to release unusually private feelings.

Four years ago, when the working title for the film was *Orgy of the Blood Face*, the Canadian Film Development Corporation told Cronenberg (then 28 and the director of two highly praised experimental features which didn't earn a cent) that "*Orgy of the Blood Face*" was not part of the company's mandate. He kept rewriting the script trying to please CFC officials and finally, with begrudging assistance they let him have \$150,000. At 30 years old Cronenberg the film was sold to England, Germany, Australia, Spain, Latin America and 10 countries in the Far East. It picked up an advance of \$150,000 from American International Pictures for the U.S. distribution which was spent on great in the film's entire budget. In short, *Passion of Mary* is one Canadian film that didn't cost taxpayers a cent.

"The CFC still treats me like a long-lost," says Cronenberg, "or worse still, a blood parasite, even though my film is one of very few to come back in profit even before it opened." Cronenberg is working on a new film *Purge* as a follow-up. It's about a deranged gynecologist with unquenchable bloodthirsty. A more gritty and realistic, uncommercial version of the CFC films this one too. JAMES HARRISON



Shed as Robinson: a silent, persuasive argument for Truscott's innocence

series materials intact.

The newspaper, *The Sun*, January, Joel Winkler and Markowitz and nothing to what is public knowledge about the Truscott case and take no liberties with the basic facts about the 19-year-old boy who was convicted of murder in 1959. The question of his guilt or innocence caused a national controversy, and helped make two books: Bill Trevis's *The Steven Truscott Story* and Isabel LeFavre's *The Trial of Steven Truscott*, critical best sellers. The film avoids the two main pitfalls one might expect to enter a young film maker (either particular subject (Markowitz is 30 and on the heels of his two earlier features: *More Than One* and *Angry and Joy* seems to have highly intermittent luck). *Recommendation* neither begs his heart nor jabs the ribs pointing at capital punishment.

The film unfolds like a gradually darkening dream—an idyllic innocence in a Northern Ontario community suddenly goes wrong and no one can make sense of it.

All might know is that a 12-year-old girl has been raped, brutally beaten and strangled, and a spunky view of a misanthropic evidence leads the slaying to a young boy named John Robinson.

"It was once held overnight in an Ottawa jail on a rape charge," says Markowitz,

backed by editor George Appleby who won an Empire Award, when on *Paul Atwood's Jaded*—are far outweighed by its unattractive, sensitive camera work by Bob and Lorraine, and superb performances by a group of young people—Michelle Frenette, Karina Martin, Mike Lipovsky, Bobb Judd—with little or no previous experience on stage or in films. For the lead role of John Robinson (as Truscott is called in the film) Markowitz chose to have auditioned more than 3,000 actors in new scenes before choosing 16-year-old Andrew Stodd from the Grapic, Ontario area. It is Stodd who holds the film together and though it may be years before he gets as good a part as he could well become a major actor. The film takes no sides but Stodd's presence is a silent, persuasive argument for Truscott's innocence.

Originally *Markowitz* intended *Recommendation for Murder* to be a low-budget film (around \$125,000). But after the critical and box office disaster of *Angry and Joy* (a silly documentary about lesbianism) regular sources of film production money refused to back him. So he dug in and went around selling shares of \$5,000 and \$10,000 each—"somehow like bonds" war bonds—"until he had enough to start principal shooting. He ran up huge tab-

If the bartender doesn't have it, split.



This is it.
With the purple label. Not yellow. Not white.
Deep rich purple. Which is very classy.
Good old class. That's it.

over "Rose Marie" magazine-dedicated Mounties, passionate bull breeds, snuggly teenagers in a land of forests and porcupines. It is hard to get worked up over the sheer idyllic splendour, especially when other countries have been banned to a far greater degree.

As for the latter, Britain's reports on the images of Canada that wander "Internat" will convince most men and women of average intelligence that idyllic "Internat" have the best of the world. (Diane Cawston, Jack L'Amoreaux, Tony Randall, Arthur Tausch's) Hermine Gagnon among others. Because all of them speak of love, tourist, sophisticated lakes, wilderness and low temperatures, they take the most mind-blowing American movies under their scrutiny. But it's a non-sensational tale of a nation. There's the majesty of today's language are between the ages of 18 and 20, and women even better in the more period British discourses. They move slowly considered pictures such as the *Rough Wild Mountain People*, *Scotch Whisky* and *Quebec* to embrace.

McGowan's Canada is a fast-paced, satirical, complex. Its failure to be one of historical interest has in fact been a good thing, and its lack of subtlety and subtlety.

See Dick! See Dick writ!
 (McGowan and Stewart, \$10)

Richard Rohrer is a powerful lawyer and member of the first troupe of generalists, in 1973, had the idea of "seeing a job at the level firm" as a vehicle for his ideas about equity and Canadian automation. His first two memoirs, *Uncommon* and *Uncommon*, were more successful. Each book is a collection of his first four years.

Rohrer's books are not only a collection of the daily papers. They are also a collection of his first four years. They are also a collection of his first four years. They are also a collection of his first four years.

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Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

Bill Rohrer, smiling in an uniform

To start up with Farley Mowat as it were is to be 17 years old again and look in a world that is more than a simple place. There are good guys (only, really, E. E. Schmitz and his bad guys (the Department of Northern Affairs, Adlai Norwood) and the rest of Western Civilization). There are no true heroes.

The book is a collection of his first four years. They are also a collection of his first four years. They are also a collection of his first four years.

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HIGHLIGHTS

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That Trudeau's such a lovely guy, so loyal to those who work for him

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The British have a lovely word called "house." It means a place called home with its common sense. Home sense. It is a house having a fireplace and that stands out its own pure beam of light if there is no sense attached to it at the lower end. The lack of sense is the outstanding feature of the Trudeau government.

People with sense do not quit their jobs unless 120% pay increase while attempting to exhaust the grabble awarded to a policy of rampant "people with sense do not quit back into unemployment, with the ease of pulling out fireplace shippers in suits as they achieve majority government once again. People with sense do not crash the public with the cynical payoff to a prime minister's principal secretary, awarding 45-year-old Jack Austin 15 months of seniority giving him a lifetime guaranteed income in the Senate—32 future years at \$25,300 per for a total of \$797,600.

The nose-bus Trudeaucrats. It is their shoving character that their nose is trademark. Run your eye down the list of Trudeau ministers and it is the universal quality that pops up: the nose-bus and the nose-bus.

The range of the group of automotive technicians who run Ottawa has degenerated a remarkable face of Pierre Trudeau. He lacks the ability to be an another British political power—a good leader. He cannot bring himself to praise and back the congenial ministers and find better deal who cheer up his ministry.

It is generally unrecognized that Trudeau (usually) because of the artificial change of life he goes through every few years, i.e., the recycling swings, the 1980 campaign of Lamer, the horsebody and suburban daddy he passed both John Turner and John Diefenbaker in the face of sense. By the time his current term is up he will have passed Laura St. Laurent and will be well into the delirious in power of Mackenzie King (John Turner knows how to react too). This longevity that these ministers (and four megalomaniacal changes) has been established with a cast of characters that drifts on attached by the supposedly single hand of Himself. The noticeably regressive product of Jean's ministerial grabble looks like a man who would like to take even in the face of proven incompetence, even in the face of his good blood, when he found his first ministry. That his ministers would have to "produce or die."

We all believed it at the time. "Nothing is permanent," the new Prime Minister warned ominously in 1984 when he picked

the largest cabinet in Canadian history, a collection of 29 supposedly nervous toasts. He waited two years for his first cabinet "shuffle." Where was the cheap, the feared Trudeau, unconcerning two for confidence? It produced not a single new face in the cabinet with two of the ministers going back to the jobs they held as Mr. Prime.

At the Prime's year 100, our great Mike Pearson who was too kindly and old-shoe to join his familiar friends. Do you know that Pierre Elliott Trudeau has existed for more than seven years with the



Robert Doherty, Mulroney, Stansbury, Gregoire: a ministerial grabble of the blood.

one of his cabinet picked by Pearson? He has yet, despite the resignation fireworks by John Turner's farewell, to put his own stamp on the cabinet.

After that six or seven years in the long wait and 1980 election we had so far four more years before there was a blood-letting. The cabinet was so set in its ways in 1976, before taking on one. At that, the only two of any note were the fabled Herb Gray who has since disowned more honesty inside the cabinet than he ever did in it, and the handsome Bob Stanbury, owner of the Ottawa metropolitan pool.

So what are we left with in 1979? Men who have long since proven their ability to shoulder the burden thrown their men who have been and squandered the Peter Principle to unaccountable limits men who—even taking into consideration the demands of regional, racial and religious equity—have no business surviving in this government.

Jean's Richardson, the poor little rich

boy who will live forever in political folklore for Marc McDonald's description of him falling out of his back at night on one of his defence ministry shops because he never officers "neglected" to tell him to strap himself in.

And Buchanan, the executive producing ministerial salaries, untroubled until he came people of the land as Minister of Indian Affairs regarded in the north as a headless fly attempting to land as quickly as possible the time to land the benefits of welfare, health and a stable

Can anyone take seriously a government that ministered for seven years after old Mitchell Sharp, foot-in-mouth Michael Sharp, author of the famous reply when asked about the 1968 Russia invasion of Czechoslovakia "Disproportion."

There are so many. Hugh Faulkner who always appears to be the most comfortable in an Oscar Wilde play, Alan Clark who is interchangeable to face the silver-haired one, we know from Central Corridor who is pleasant those entered in industry, trade and commerce, Robert Andrus, the very image of a northern Ontario service club recording secretary misquoting as a manager of a very important Canadian industry.

Even the heavens in the Trudeau cabinet have that bloodless technocrat cast that forces one to look back with fond eyes on such as Judy LaMarsh. There is Marc Laroche, an honest man who will not understand what was wrong with Air Seacrest, the only man in Ottawa, in the hands of the Press Gallery's Marjorie Nichols, "in the IQ of 100 and the political judgment of Jesus." There is Otto Lang, who can never concede he is wrong (as he was on Merv Griffin) and who manages the formidable list of appearing to be so right even though he is completely wrong.

Can anyone recall a single memorable phrase that will live beyond any of these ministers? Is "let us survive as the only cabinet up to the government?" Those who have a Minister's Minister, a Turner are allowed to slide away. The strong reign. The work we never lacked.

It is ironic that Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who came into politics and shook up much in the greatest individuals within the ministry, ended up surrounded by the system whittled down by the machinery-dominated, just another cog unable to move the horse-drawn wheel of party politics. In the end of public politics he is a gentle exhibitor. He is dumbed. The system of cabinet, the system of politics, has not changed. He has changed.

Take a second look.



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The Charlie Burch.

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A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor anyone present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good distance away. They voted to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we pass the simple formula along, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from



plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say.

To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice. Fill with root beer.

Smirnoff

It leaves you breathless